

BNAI BRITH MAGAZINE



Volume XLII, No. 4

January, 1928

Problems of the Jewish Youth

By A. A. Roback

Tex of Rodeo Fame

By ^{Sc. School} Stanley Bero
Religion
Berkeley, Calif.
Lee Simonson

By Heyman Zimel

THE NATIONAL
JEWISH MONTHLY

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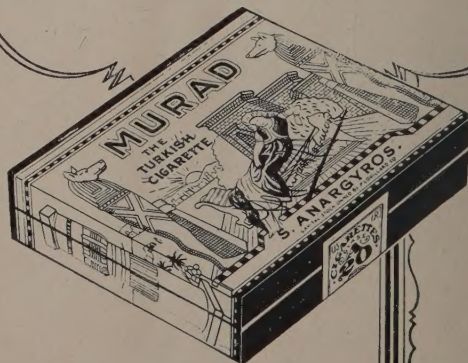
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Among Our Contributors

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH is well-known to readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE for her poetic interpretations of biblical stories. She lives in London, England.

STANLEY BERO has for many years been active in social service and civic enterprises. He has published a number of surveys on social problems and his stories and essays have appeared in Jewish and general publications.

SAMUEL S. COHON has written extensively on the problems of contemporary Judaism in the United States.

HEYMAN ZIMEL is author of a number of character sketches of salient personalities in the modern theatre.

THROUGH HER SERIES of articles in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, Sarah Goldberg is introducing masters of Yiddish literature to the English-reading public in America.

E. DAVID GOITEIN is an English barrister and is well-known for his charming delineation of London Jewish characters.

A. A. ROBACK is the author of "Psychology of Character" and other books and monographs on similar subjects.

HAROLD BERMAN is a frequent contributor to American Jewish publications. He writes feuilletons and critical articles on contemporary Jewish problems, but he is best known for his human appeal studies from Jewish history.

In Our Portfolio

THE LIFE AND CUSTOMS of our people in various parts of the world are revealed in articles and sketches now in our portfolio awaiting publication.

THE JEWISH SECTION of London was made famous by Israel Zangwill. Now comes E. David Goitein, in an article entitled "London's Ghetto," and shows us more and equally poignant phases of life in that teeming community.

"Policemen hereabouts speak Yiddish and large Yiddish notices remind the passerby that English is not the only language spoken in England," says Mr. Goitein, by way of illustrating how deeply entrenched Jewish life has become in the East End of London.

DR. ISRAEL AUERBACH, who probably is as much of an authority on the Turkish Jews as any living man, analyzes graphically the decline of our people in the land of the Turks.

TUPPER GREENWALD has been hailed as one of the most promising young American short story writers. In his story, "Journey," he relates, with his remarkable power of narration and delineation of character, an incident which will ring true and familiar to those who know the life of the Jews in Russia, as it was in the times of the Czar.

Jewish Calendar 5688

1928

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Fast of Tebeth..... | Tues., Jan. 3 |
| Rosh Chodesh Shevat..... | Mon., Jan. 23 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Adar..... | Wed., Feb. 22 |
| Fast of Esther..... | Mon., Mar. 5 |
| Purim | Tues., Mar. 6 |
| Rosh Chodesh Nissan..... | Thurs., Mar. 22 |
| First Day of Pessach..... | Thurs., Apr. 5 |
| Eighth Day of Pessach..... | Thurs., Apr. 12 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Iyar..... | Sat., Apr. 21 |
| Lag B'Omer..... | Tues., May 8 |
| Rosh Chodesh Sivan..... | Sun., May 20 |
| Shavuoth | Fri., May 25 |
| | Sat., May 26 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Tammuz..... | Tues., June 19 |
| Fast of Tammuz..... | Thurs., July 5 |
| Rosh Chodesh Ab..... | Wed., July 13 |
| Tisho B'ov..... | Thurs., July 26 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Elul..... | Fri., Aug. 17 |

5689

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Rosh Hashonah..... | Sat., Sept. 15 |
| | Sun., Sept. 16 |
| Fast of Gedalia..... | Mon., Sept. 17 |
| Yom Kippur..... | Mon., Sept. 24 |
| Succoth | Sat., Sept. 29 |
| | Sun., Sept. 30 |
| Hashana Rabba..... | Fri., Oct. 5 |
| Shemini Azereth..... | Sat., Oct. 6 |
| Simchas Torah..... | Sun., Oct. 7 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan..... | Mon., Oct. 15 |
| Rosh Chodesh Kislev..... | Tues., Nov. 13 |
| First Day of Chanukah..... | Sat., Dec. 8 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Tebeth..... | Fri., Dec. 14 |

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLII

JANUARY, 1928

NUMBER 4

Editorial Comment

Reflection on a New Year

NOTHING so well emphasizes the character of the Jew as a comparative study of the ways of celebrating January the First and *Rosh Hashonah*.

January the First looks gaily ahead and hopes joyously for a New Year.

But on *Rosh Hashonah* and the nine succeeding days, the Jew becomes a most solemn person, however thoughtless he may be all the other days of the year. He does not gaze eagerly into the future but turns his eyes inward upon himself.

He becomes a philosopher and asks: "Who am I? And what am I here for? And what should I do to deserve being here?"

He associates these problems with God, and however lax he may be at all other times in his religious observance, his New Year time finds him in the synagogue. Somehow he thinks of the future as of something that has to do with his own character and conduct rather than as a sort of clockwork regulated by outer forces.

He conceives the happiness of New Year not as something to be wished upon him but to be created out of the materials of his soul. Therefore, he searches himself to discover the causes of his unhappiness and devotes a day to putting aside all material cares, even hunger, in order that he may approach close to the Throne of God, unhampered by mundane concerns.

We speak of the Jew thus not for self-appreciation but to point to an interesting phenomenon in the modern world. Nor do we mean to say that by reason of his more philosophical observance of a New Year the Jew is a better man than his neighbors who observe a New Year with a lighter heart.

Yet it is a wondrous thing to behold a spiritual trait persisting in a people through the ages, to see character surviving persecutions that often destroyed the body.

The Jew in his self-searching at times has asked: Why should we survive? What mission have we in the world as a people?

But even if we had no mission in the world would we need any other excuse for living than this: That we are a peculiar people; that we offer to the contemplation of the world a view of life that does not conform to standardized attitudes; that by our spiritual peculiarity we contribute something to the sum of the spiritual forces that give elevation to the common life?

Is not that sufficient?

It is not our purpose even to suggest that the Jew must be a different sort of a person from his neighbors, that he must surround himself with a spiritual ghetto and put upon himself distinguishing marks to set him apart from his fellows.

He must be a man of the world but as a man of the world he must cultivate the inherited qualities of the spirit for the enrichment of the world. It is good for the modern world that there is in it a people with the mystical spirit that looks back through the thousands of years and derives sustenance from its links with a remote past.

With the standardized mechanisms, human-kind is becoming a breed of Robots, mechanized beings, looking alike, acting alike and thinking alike. Is it not well for a people endowed with outstanding spiritual differences carefully to guard these differences and to cultivate them diligently in their children?

This, it seems to us, should be the chief purpose of Jewish education of which we hear so much these days.

* * *

But in these reflections we have wandered far afield.

We started out to talk of the New Year. The Jew is advantaged in having two New Year days to observe. In the one he takes himself aside for communion; in the other he joins with his neighbors to celebrate.

And in this time of well-wishing we make a wish: May this be a happy year for the world. May the eyes of the world be lifted up to see that the happiness of peoples emanates from peace and justice and that hate and bigotry are as destructive to those who employ them as to those upon whom they are inflicted.

May the world come to the dawn after the long night of prejudice and misunderstanding that followed the war. May the peoples of the earth in this new light find the pathway to the better and more beautiful world toward which they have been groping and stumbling these bitter years.

Would that accompanying the New Year there were a universal day of atonement on which mankind might stop to look back upon its mistakes and to gather from the past its guidance for the future. But mankind does not take new paths but goes in a circle, always returning to the old ruts and falling in.

"The King of Kings"

Will not be exhibited in Anti-Semitic countries and will be changed for presentation elsewhere—First fruits of B'nai B'rith—Film Relationship

"December 24, 1927.

"Assurances have been given by the owners of 'The King of Kings,' a motion picture based upon the life of Jesus, that it is not now being shown and it will not be shown in those European countries or communities where in the judgment of wise counsel it might likely be the cause of creating anti-Jewish feeling, nor where it is likely to be the cause of any disorder, owing to the subject matter of the picture."

Via Western Union. "New York, January 4, 1928.

Alfred M. Cohen, President B'nai B'rith, Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. DeMille has agreed to the changes of titles and modifications of scenes outlined in letter written by yourself and Dr. David Philipson of December twenty-first to Governor Milliken of Hays organization (stop) Am leaving for California tomorrow Thursday to assist in these changes to the end that both the spirit and the letter of what you wanted will be accomplished and the corrections made in the pictures now on exhibition before the public in all cities may be made by January eighteenth (stop) Regards.

JOHN C. FLINN,

Vice-President Pathe Exchange, Inc."

THE statement which leads this editorial first handed to representatives of the B'nai B'rith, and then given to the press for publication, will go down into history as the premier outcome of the recently formed relationship of the B'nai B'rith and The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., by virtue of which the B'nai B'rith is invested with the privilege and responsibility, through counsel with and advice to the motion picture producers, of preventing just cause for Jewish complaint against future films.

* * *

The statement was the immediate result of a second conference held in December at the instance of Will H. Hays in his office. The first conference was held several weeks before when, on the tender of General Hays, the B'nai B'rith became counsel to the picture producers on films dealing with Jewish subjects. That conference also dealt with "The King of Kings," and initial but very definite steps were taken to correct the picture and modify, as far as the nature of the film permits, objections thereto.

* * *

The second conference was devoted specifically and exclusively to consideration of "The King of Kings." Those who had part were officers of the Hays organization, the vice-president of the Pathe Exchange, Inc., distributors of "The King of Kings"; Alfred M. Cohen, President of the B'nai B'rith, and Rev. Dr. David Philipson, member of the Governing Board of the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith.

* * *

After it became evident to the B'nai B'rith representatives that the picture would not be withdrawn generally, they insisted on two things being done: that the picture be not exhibited in those European coun-

tries (designated by name) where the flame of anti-Semitism is easily fanned, and that the picture be so amended for exhibition in other countries as to make clear the true responsibility for the sufferings and crucifixion of Jesus. Both proposals after discussion were agreed to by the others present, and were communicated to Cecil B. DeMille, maker of the picture, by telephone at Los Angeles. He gave his assent. In this connection it may appropriately be said that General Hays and his associates insist that from the inception of "The King of Kings" the purpose of Mr. DeMille was to make the picture show that the mass of the Jewish people was in no wise responsible for the crucifixion of Jesus, and to fix that responsibility upon the Roman-appointed high priest and his creatures.

* * *

Dr. Philipson, dean of American Reform Rabbis, in collaboration with the President of the B'nai B'rith, at once proceeded with the work of proposing changes. The picture was viewed again and again in the producing room of the Hays organization. Every facility was placed at their disposal to assist them and expedite the completion of their task. They prepared and submitted in writing a long list of changes, involving titles and scenes, and urged the introduction of a foreword intended to make perfectly clear historical facts related to the time and life of Jesus.

* * *

The suggestions of the President of the B'nai B'rith and Doctor Philipson were favorably received by the New York gentlemen. Then they were transmitted to Mr. DeMille. His assent thereto is set forth in the telegram copied into the heading of this statement without comment of an important achievement by the B'nai B'rith in behalf of world Jewry.

A Great Man with the Heart of a Child

HE WAS a sage, with incredible learning, and with the heart of a child." Thus spoke Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the late Dr. Z. P. Chajes, chief rabbi of Vienna, who died last month at the age of 51.

As a boy he was known as a prodigy and when still a student he published two profound works.

Though he was one of the best Jewish minds of his time, we like to read of him rather that his heart never grew up, but to the end possessed the simplicity, the sweetness and beauty of its childhood.

After all, what is the test of a man's greatness? Is it the amount of knowledge he has stored in his head or the amount of money he has stored in his pocket? Is it not the cultivated spirit that without guile or vanity walks humbly in the world and with the faith of a child reaches out to embrace all mankind.

Such is a man of God.

* * *

How Many Feathers Has a Goose?

A JEWISH woman in Vilna, desiring to join her son in America, an American citizen, asked for a visa from the American consular authorities in Poland.

As is now the American practice in Poland, she was given an intelligence test, and among the questions were these:

"How many feathers has a goose more than a duck?"

"How many legs have three people and two chickens?"

She was given a piece of wood and asked to carve something from it. She was given pencil and paper and asked to draw something.

She might have answered the first question thus: "You ask me about a goose. That reminds me of a certain donkey. The donkey liked to ask foolish questions which no one could answer. This caused the donkey to become very proud and he went about saying, I am the wisest of all the animals! I can ask questions that no one can answer!"

Very properly Congressman Emmanuel Celler of New York is making an inquiry into the humiliating tests that immigration authorities are imposing on those who ask for American passports in Poland.

* * *

The Gifts of Two St. Louis Jews

THE news columns report two outstanding gifts by St. Louis Jews last month—\$300,000 to the St. Louis Jewish Hospital by Sydney M. Schoenberg and \$100,000 to the Jewish "Y" by Mark Steinberg.

We congratulate Messrs. Schoenberg and Steinberg, on their excellent judgment in giving. To make a great gift after one has passed from the earth is, of course, most commendable, but to give when one still lives is giving with greater wisdom. The giver enjoys the fruit of his benefaction, in no personal profit, of course, but in the pleasure of seeing the good results.

Thus a rich man may continue to enjoy his money long after he has acquired more than he can possibly use for himself.

The Anniversary of Jerusalem

TEN years ago, December 9, the British captured Jerusalem from the Turk. As we recall it, it caused no great thrill in America which was at that time far more concerned with its preparations to take an active part on the western front.

But, in fact, there was no event of the war that was so much for a blessing. Where other victories brought no good beyond the doubtful satisfaction of the victors, this one contributed not little to the well-being and culture of mankind.

For the capture of Jerusalem by Allenby marked the beginning of the recovery of the Holy Land, of that epic Jewish adventure which has seen a new life grow out of the arid wastes of Palestine within a brief ten years.

Whether Zionist or non-Zionist, one must stand awe-struck in the presence of the age-old dream coming to reality under the hands of Jews digging in the soil.

* * *

A Burial of the Scrolls of the Law

WITH most solemn services there were buried last month in the Jewish cemetery at Bucharest various scrolls of the law that had been desecrated by pogromists.

This is an ancient ceremony in the history of the Jews. In the earth of Russia and Poland desecrated scrolls of the law lie buried in many places. In some cemeteries they mingle with the moldering bones of Jews who wrapped them about their bodies and died with them rather than let them fall into despoiling hands.

But tho the scrolls have been buried many times, wondrous it is to see their teaching persisting in the affairs of men. The Commandments, tho denied on a thousand battlefields and repudiated every day by men in their personal relations, remain the imperative mandate by obedience to which men may come to happiness. And the daily reports of the miseries of men proclaim each hour the certain penalties that flow from their violation.

Marvelous is this manifestation of the immortality of the *Torah* which, inscribed on nothing more lasting than parchment, has survived the principalities and the powers that thought to live by force.

* * *

Peace and the Council of Jewish Women

WE READ that the Council of Jewish Women is represented in the Third Conference on the Cause and Cure of War in Washington this month.

This reminds us of the man who asked: "Why am I a Jew?"

And he was answered: "You are a Jew not to the mere end of preserving a tradition. Your mission as a Jew is to join your heart with the hearts of all others who labor to create a better and more beautiful world, to the end that the teaching of our prophets and teachers may be fulfilled."

When the Council of Jewish Women joins with others for the cure of war it is performing the highest function of the Jew.

No Warships for Palestine

WE BELIEVE that Palestine, the new-old land, should be made the exemplar for the nations. There where there were promulgated the first teachings for peace and social justice, the manifestations of peace and social justice should be established.

If elsewhere in the world seaports bristle with battleships, Palestine should be the neutral zone where only the instrumentalities of peace are honored. If elsewhere men are crushed by social injustice, in Palestine there must be presented to the eyes of man a social idealism working every day in the relations between men.

So we are glad to read that the British government is strenuously denying as unjust and unfounded a report that an anchorage for warships is to be established at Haifa, the Palestinian port.

* * *

The Rogue and the Mirror

ONCE upon a time there was a rogue who was a great terror in the community. With no compunction whatever he could crack a skull or a strong-box, and there was dread of him throughout the city.

And yet he had his virtues. Though he was little concerned with the ways of his character, he was anxious to make a good reflection in his mirror. So he made no end of cultivating a most decent appearance, and the legend relates that nothing pleased him more than to hear the mirror say to him, "You look like a gentleman."

The legend reminds us of Roumania. Little is the Roumanian government concerned with the injustice that she has inflicted and still is inflicting upon her Jews. But her leading business men, thinking of loans, are heard saying, "What will the world think of us? We must make a good reflection in the world."

So there is a great hue and cry of publicity as the Roumanian authorities go about, at length, to arrest the leaders of anti-Jewish demonstrations.

* * *

An Epigraph for a Dead Publication

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT went out of existence December 26, and we would write for it this epitaph:

Here lies a great error.

It thrived a while and was accepted by the minds of some men.

Other great errors have survived through the centuries.

But this one perished within a brief span after its birth.

So that it was given to the eyes of men to see not only its beginning but also its happy end.

It is interesting not because of its life but by reason of its quick death which illustrated the power of truth in the modern world.

Truth pursuing falsehood was never so swift as in our time.

A Young Crusader Passes

BENJAMIN FRANKEL was one to whom it was given to live a fullness of life. Yet he was only thirty when he died last month.

Once it was asked: "What is a good length of life?"

And it was answered: "Speak not of a good length of life but rather the length of the good life. The length of the good life is eternal."

Benjamin Frankel attained the length of the good life.

The story of Benjamin Frankel's life is all in his work—the Hillel Foundation. And it is the Hillel Foundation which will suffer most from his passing. And because he made the Foundation what it is, an abiding place of the eternal spirit in which youth is equipped in mind and heart and soul for the Jewish life, his death is a tragic loss to all Jewry.

* * *

Perhaps it was because he was so young that he achieved so much in his great labor of love. He was the young crusader leading the young. They understood him and loved him as one of them and followed him. He brought to his cause the vast enthusiasm of youth that knew neither disillusionment nor failure.

Many students who were at home on their winter vacation when Benjamin Frankel passed away, returned to Champaign to pay respect to the beloved leader. David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois, came to the house and, with tears glistening in his eyes, offered his sympathy to Mrs. Frankel. Members of the faculty, deans, officers and authorities of the university crowded Temple Sinai of Champaign to the doors. And with the sublime eloquence of tears they ushered the courageous soul of Benjamin Frankel to the home eternal.

Dr. Louis L. Mann, Rabbi of Chicago Sinai Congregation, and Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Chicago, officiated. He came in a two-fold capacity, as a close personal friend of the founder of the Hillel Foundation and as the representative of the B'nai B'rith.

* * *

From Champaign the funeral procession moved to Peoria, the former home of Benjamin Frankel. Here, too, the large temple was filled to overflowing with friends of the family. Within three hours two vastly different gatherings paid reverent and loving tribute to a noble soul. The first was largely Christian and made up chiefly of members of the University of Illinois faculty. The second was mainly Jewish and made up of people from all walks of life. Dr. Mann, with singular devotion, officiated at the services in Peoria as well as at the services in Champaign.

Awe-inspiring and soul-stirring were these final rites and fittingly so: the youthful leader for whom they were conducted inspired awe by his intense devotion to the cause of his people and his religion, and stirred the soul through his victorious achievements for the perpetuation of the spirit of that people and that religion.

In Memoriam

The President of the B'nai B'rith Expresses Himself on the Life and Death of Rabbi Frankel

THE death of Rabbi Benjamin M. Frankel is to me a personal bereavement and I can scarcely trust myself to write of him, though a fortnight has passed since he left this world which he loved so deeply and so thoroughly. Only thirty years old and such a giant and now dead. How hard to believe. That vision of his that saw what older men failed to see, or seeing did not understand. Is that vision dead too, or has it only gone into other spheres answering a call? Who can tell. But this we know: His pilgrimage on earth, though brief, was not in vain. His years were not three score and ten, only one score and ten, nor was their strength labor and sorrow. His life was short but it was full. His was a life of sunshine with never a trace of shadow.

It was my privilege to know Ben Frankel from his earliest days at the Hebrew Union College. He was often in my sight. He could never be near you without your knowing it consciously or sub-consciously. There was a glow about him that radiated warmth and light. He was popular among his fellow students. He was an actor of no mean quality. I have seen him perform many parts, some serious and others comic. I see him now as fine a type of English butler as ever was. There is a connection between this bent of his in his student days and in the serious things he did after graduating—it qualified him for contact with the young. He had that quality in rare measure. Who says he had not?

As a student bi-monthly, for a couple of years, he went to Champaign, Illinois, to minister to the little congregation there. Others doubtless had done the same thing in years be-

fore. But he saw what they had not seen. His eyes penetrated beyond the narrow confines of his congregation and its Sabbath school. They looked upon hundreds of boys and girls in the adolescent period, who had come from Jewish homes, far and near, to the University. They would be away from home for three or four years with nary a bit of Jewish influence. What a tragedy, thought he.

He graduated from the Hebrew Union College at a time when young rabbis were very much in demand. I imagine he might have taken his choice of half a dozen pulpits, any of which would have offered greater immediate advantages as seen by ordinary men, than did Champaign. But Champaign was the place that attracted him. He saw beyond the congregation. He saw the university and it loomed large.

He started the first Hillel Foundation. He found an ardent supporter in Isaac Kuhn, of Champaign, and Dr. Louis L. Mann of Chicago helped him among a group of Chicagoans. Later Dr. Mann married him and a little later stood by his open grave and gave him back to his Maker. All in so short a time. How sad!

But he was not satisfied with a Hillel so small. Nor was he satisfied to think of Hillel in one university. The name Hillel deserved a better setting—nay it demanded many settings.

He came to me one evening at my home, just as I entered after a very full day's work. I had initiated him into Cincinnati Lodge of the B'nai B'rith while he was a student at the College. He knew my interest in the great world-wide Jewish order. He laid before me what was in his mind: the enlargement of the work and

scope of the Hillel Foundation in the University of Illinois and the organization of a movement that should install similar foundations in every school for higher education in the land that contained in its student body a considerable number of Jewish boys and girls. He wished the B'nai B'rith to adopt it. I thank God for the intuition of the moment that led me to comprehend the greatness of the opportunity for service which his proposal presented. At that time I was not a member of the Executive Committee of the B'nai B'rith. I was vice president of District No. 2. The next year I became President of the district and by virtue of that I became ex-officio a member of the executive committee. At the first meeting of the committee thereafter, Rabbi Frankel appeared to present his proposal that the B'nai B'rith adopt the infant Hillel. The subject was referred to a sub-committee of which I was chairman. Men and opportunity met. The Hillel Foundation became the offspring of the B'nai B'rith. The rest of the story up to date is well known.

Rabbi Frankel, from its first moment to the end of his earthly sojourn, was the directing genius of Hillel. Whatever it is destined to become, however widespread its influence may be as years come and go, credit for the thought that brought the movement into being must always be given Benjamin M. Frankel. And that thought is greater than anything that may be developed from it. Ben lived to see his cherished hope prosper. It is for us who survive to nourish and sustain it in the spirit of its creator.

Good-bye, my boy—no, not good-bye, for we shall meet again.

ALFRED M. COHEN.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religion—Education



AMONG the questions asked in a questionnaire recently sent out to its members by the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods are: How long have you been affiliated with a congregation? Do you attend services regularly, occasionally, or only on the High Holy Days? If in business do you close your store on any of the Jewish holidays and if so, which? Do you find comfort and inspiration in prayer? Do you experience any greater need for prayer at times of sorrow or joy? Do you observe *Yahrzeit*? Do you like some Hebrew in the service?

The answers to these questions should help reveal the soul of American Jewry and show how strong a hold the traditions still have among us.

* * *

THE flying squadron, which under the chairmanship of David A. Brown begin its tour of the country in November in behalf of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, continued its laudable endeavor throughout December. The response in this campaign has been generous—many communities having over subscribed their quotas.

* * *

ONE of the pioneer organizations in this country devoted to the dissemination of Jewish ideas and ideals is the Jewish Chautauqua Society. This society held its thirty-ninth assembly in Detroit, December 25th to 29th. Some of the leading rabbis and most prominent laymen in American Israel were in attendance, and many thought-provoking discussions took place.

* * *

THE 37th volume of the Annual Year Book of the Central Conference of American Rabbis has just come off the press. It contains the proceedings of the special convention, held at Cleveland, Ohio, in January, as well as a complete report of the annual convention held at Cape May, N. J., in June of last year.

IN the death of Mr. Nathan J. Miller, who passed away last month at the age of fifty-four, American Judaism lost one of its staunchest and most devoted lay workers. Mr. Miller, together with Mrs. Miller, had made a tour of Europe and was in Paris when he was summoned to the great beyond. A sudden illness developing into pneumonia was the cause of his death.

* * *

NOT all news from Roumania is bad. It was announced recently that ten million lei will be included in the Roumanian state budget for the instruction of Jewish religion to Jewish pupils in Roumanian schools.

Social Welfare



THE late Oscar S. Straus, one time minister to Turkey, member of Roosevelt's cabinet and Progressive candidate for Governor of New York, has been voted the Jew who, by his service to America, deserves to be honored with a statue. This is the result of the nation-wide canvass conducted by the *Jewish Tribune* of New York. A movement is now under way to have such a statue erected either in New York City or Washington, D. C.

Mentioning this valuable work done by the *Jewish Tribune* reminds us that the *Menorah Journal*, having been converted into a monthly, will be able to serve American Jewry even more effectively than it has in the past. We congratulate our distinguished contemporary on its growth and expansion and wish it many many more years of life, prosperity and service.

* * *

HAVE you ever heard of the Jews of Abyssinia? Well there are Jews in that country and they need your help. Hyman J. Reit, newly elected chairman of the American Pro-Falasha Committee, is determined that this isolated remnant of Israel shall get the support required. He has sent out a stirring appeal to that end from the office of the committee, 305 Broadway, New York City.

OUR people have a penchant and a veritable genius for social service; hence the National Conference of Jewish Social Service is always an event pregnant with significance. The next of these conferences is scheduled for April 29 to May 2, 1928, and will be held in Cincinnati. I. M. Rubinow of Philadelphia, has been selected by Morris D. Waldman, President of the Conference, as head of the Program Committee.

The Conference will have ten sessions. These will be devoted to child care, family welfare, health, community center activities, Jewish education and official business. Three hundred organizations will be represented.

* * *

THE following quotation from a letter sent us by our good friend, John W. Herring, needs no comment:

"The release which has appeared in the press, stating that I am undertaking work in connection with the National Community Foundation in the field of adult education, may be misleading to those of my friends and associates in various parts of the country with whom I have been working in the goodwill movement. Someone may raise the question of my continuance in the work. I therefore write to say that no such separation is taking place. I am not to serve as Executive Secretary of the Committee on Goodwill between Jews and Christians, but am assuming instead the responsibility of Chairman of the Committee on Direction.

The goodwill movement is going ahead with an enlarged program and an enlarged staff. Several re-enforcements are to be added to its leadership in the near future. . . ."

* * *

HENRY KAUFMAN of Pittsburgh has given \$200,000 to the 92nd Street Young Men's Hebrew Association of New York City. This is to be utilized for the construction of an auditorium, in the new building of the association, which will be known as the "Theresa L. Kaufmann Auditorium," in memory of the donor's wife who passed away several years ago.

Foreign



IN MOST countries hatred of the Jews now manifests itself, if at all, in subtle intellectualized forms. But in Roumania and Hungary, anti-Semitism is still in its primitive, physical stage—precipitating riots, robbery, pillage, murder and bestiality of the basest kind. This is borne out by the tragic reports which have been coming from those countries. In Hungary it has been a matter, chiefly of late, of attacks upon Jewish students by non-Jewish students. But in Roumania Jews in all walks of life have suffered pillage, robbery, insults and outrages of all sorts at the hands of mobs led by students.

There were many of these attacks last month in that unhappy country. And they provoked protest meetings in all parts of the world. In several countries, including the United States, general student bodies have denounced these outrages. In New York and in other American cities prominent citizens of various religious denominations participated in the protest meetings. And the matter has also been taken into Congress and brought before Secretary of State Kellogg.

* * *

APPARENTLY Prussia is determined not to be put in the same class with Roumania and Hungary. The government of Prussia has officially stated that it will not tolerate the existence of students' organizations based on the principle of racial and religious hatred.

This was called forth by an attempt on the part of Prussian students to join an Austrian anti-Semitic Students' Society.

* * *

FOR centuries the Marranos of Portugal have kept secret their true faith. And now these descendants of the victims of the Inquisition are returning to the fold of Israel. Thus *Kehillahs* have lately been revived in Braganca and in Bilarinho. Could there be a profounder tribute to the strength and durability of our faith?

AND now comes another report which indicates that the woes of the Jewish students in Europe are arousing creative and constructive thought as well as mere protest.

"Rozwoj," a Czech newspaper of Prague, recently stated that a University would soon be established for the victims of the *numerus clausus* law in Eastern and Central Europe. The newspaper further declares that an American philanthropist is negotiating with the Czechoslovakian government with this end in view.

* * *

IN SOVIET Russia, plans are being formulated by the government to relieve the critical situation of the Jewish population in the small towns. These people in the small towns constitute the bulk of Russian Jewry and they have never fully recovered from the economic transformation brought about by the Revolution.

* * *

FROM Germany comes word of a noteworthy proposal with regard to the qualifications of rabbis. The Federation of Liberal Jews in that country has formulated a ruling that, in addition to completing the theological studies, each candidate for the rabbinate must serve several years as an assistant to an older rabbi in order to learn the practical needs of the community.

* * *

IN THE United States every village, every suburb, almost, indeed, every neighborhood, has some sort of a newspaper. In Europe and especially Eastern Europe, newspapers and periodicals are much scarcer. Yet during the year 1925 one hundred and four Yiddish dailies and periodicals and fifteen Hebrew periodicals appeared regularly in Poland. All of which goes to show that no matter how hard the Polish Jews find the struggle for existence they yet search out means for supplying the needs of the mind and the spirit. People with so much grit and ingenuity will yet see better days.

* * *

A piece of cheerful news from Poland is that about the raising of one million *Zloty* during the month recently designated "Ort" month. The money will be used to organize classes for the training of artisans. This is very commendable, and the most heartening part of the report is the mere fact that Polish Jews are beginning to find it possible to finance their own institutions.

Miscellaneous



MORE plentiful even than Palestine's holidays and festive occasions are the delegations which visit the little land so rich in history. Still it is worth noting that a few weeks ago a party of Japanese came to Palestine to study the Zionist achievements there.

Opposition has developed in Palestine to the establishment of a chair in Yiddish at the Hebrew University. Norman Bentwich, M. M. Ussishkin, Dr. David Yellin and Professors Klausner and Epstein have come out against the acceptance of the offer made by David Shapiro, publisher of the New York "Day," to raise \$100,000 with which to maintain courses in Yiddish at the seat of learning on Mt. Scopus. The war between Yiddish and Hebrew apparently is still going on.

* * *

TWO deplorable reports from Palestine are that the great Jaffa synagogue will be sold at auction and that the Bezalel art school has been closed. In each case lack of funds was the cause. Something ought to be done about this and without delay. Centers of the spirit and the mind should not be closed down in a land which is playing so large a part in Jewish life as is Palestine.

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Rabbi Benjamin Frankel



IG BEN is gone, cut off suddenly, at the age of thirty. It is difficult to associate him with death. Every interest of his throbbed with life, every gesture spoke of Spring and the promise of youth. Six feet four he stood, a cedar of Lebanon, strong and vigorous, with a deep, rich mellow voice, thrilling as an organ, with a hearty laugh which brushed out every cobweb in the soul.

His name is intimately bound up with the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation which he created and developed into the most important youth movement in American Jewish life. But those who knew him remember him for his charming personal qualities even more than for his striking achievements. To them he was a princely friend, the pleasantest company, unspoiled by the successes which seemed to seek him out, a great, lovable boy who would not grow up. His inexhaustible fund of humor was as exhilarating as it was entertaining. His kindness sometimes became a weakness; he was often a poor employer for he suffered inefficiency rather than wound a soul.

He radiated these enthusiasms to the coldest and least interested. He was always searching to bring out latent talents; he worked more with people than with ideas. A young engineer, interested in literature, soon found himself writing biblical sketches. A young sculptor soon discovered that he was wrestling Jewish concepts from out the stone. I well remember how enthusiastically he spoke of Jewish history and its enormous possibilities, and I soon found myself browsing in the field with infinite delight. His eyes shone with pride when I became enthusiastic over some charming character whose dramatic possibilities had not been previously realized. Half the faculty on the campus found themselves drawn to Jewish interests because of the irresistible enthusiasm of his fine, crusading spirit.

How he loved conversation! His Paradise was a fireside corner in his home with a group of congenial friends, who enjoyed a tussle of wits. Here, amidst wreaths of smoke, con-

1897-1927

By A. L. Sachar

versation flowed ceaselessly, touching now lightly, now seriously, now deeply, on every aspect of life, until it was nearly time for the morning *Shma*.

It is not astonishing that such a spirit should love books dearer than all else. But his favorites dealt with quiet, humble folk, whose appeal lay in large hearts and magnanimous spirits. He cherished Peretz's "If Not Higher," and the *midrashim* of



Rabbi Benjamin Frankel

petty artisans who saw God more clearly than the learned. His choicest tale, characteristically, was a bit which he translated from the Hebrew, dealing with a poor wood cutter who suffered martyrdom while protecting the little library of the village synagogue, for which he was rewarded with the post of librarian in the Academy on High. Surely, if Frankel had lived a century ago, he would have been a genial, lovable *Chassid*.

The Hillel Foundation was of course his dominant passion. Many before him had thought of creating an institution on the college campus through which to develop the Jewish consciousness of the Jewish student. But it remained only a pious wish until Ben Frankel, with a rare combination of vision and practical, organizing ability,

made the project an inspiring reality. It took considerable courage. Frankel was a student just out of college when he accepted the pulpit in Champaign. He had not a dollar of support and even the majority in his own community were skeptical of the efficacy of a religious appeal to a modern college generation. The first year he was compelled to peddle the idea of the Foundation. Fortunately there were some broader visioned townspeople and some friends in Chicago who gave their financial support to the movement. In the second year the B'nai B'rith saw its tremendous possibilities and with commendable statesmanship gave it the unstinted support which became its salvation.

Soon the Foundation had revolutionized Jewish life on the campus, and it was established in other universities as quickly as men could be found to assume the task of leadership. Today there are five in operation in Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan, and Southern California, and it is planned to spread a gigantic network of them through the length and breadth of the country.

No inducement could make its creator swerve from the task to which he dedicated his life. Tempting offers came to him every few months, offers of splendid city pulpits, with the glamor of great audiences, a rich social life, a princely income. Young men are not always firm in the face of metropolitan ambitions. Frankel always turned them aside gently, without even a struggle. His milieu was the college campus, among the students, far from the city turmoil. His mission was a sacred one—to mould young people into reverent, thinking Jews, prepared for lay leadership in the communities to which they returned.

It is tragic to lose him as he stood on the very threshold of his brilliant career, having just begun to build. But it is a joy to think that he wrought his work so securely that it will continue without him. And it is a consolation to be able always to recall him as a young, enthusiastic spirit, unspoiled by the ravages of time, true always to his vision.

Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah



MY FRIEND Levy had become a rich man. Until fortune overtook him he had never been conscious that he was Levy. Mr. Levy took his name for granted as he did any of the other attributes of nature with which he was born.

Indeed, upon the hotel registers he wrote "A. Levy" with no little flourish, not because of any special pride in the name itself but because it was his manner to make his presence conspicuously known wherever he might be.

For forty-five years Mr. Levy lived and prospered with the name of his fathers.

HAVING grown rich, he became aware of an annoying consciousness of his name. When Mr. Levy sought the best apartments in the city, he was always told that the apartment he wanted had just been rented. One day he was driving in the Adirondacks and when night overtook him he went to a hotel and signed his name on the register, but the clerk told him he was sorry, there was not a room left in the house.

Mr. Levy commenced to blame these untoward happenings upon his name. It became a great burden to him, especially when his wife and daughters began to speak to him about it.

ONE of his daughters had entered a woman's college in the East and she was sure that it was altogether on account of her name that she was not admitted into the exclusive Omega Omega sorority.

This distressed Mr. Levy for he believed in giving his children the most expensive that there was to be had in education.

"Father," she wrote, "why don't we get rid of our outlandish name."

Mr. Levy himself had been thinking of this for some time.

HE WAS not willing to leave so important a determination to his own judgment; he would wait until his daughter returned from school, for, having acquired an Eastern college education, she would know better than he what good name to substitute for Levy.

He was quick to broach the matter, upon her return. He had thought of "Leavitt."

"Father," she exclaimed, "you're such a stupid dear. That name will deceive no one."

She had thought of the precise name they ought to adopt. Llewellyn! It was a good old Welsh name, and so beautiful, so romantic, like music!

ABRAHAM LEVY became Arthur Llewellyn.

Mr. Levy had felt some conscientious scruples at first. After all, his name had been in his family a long time, and it had never been a handicap in the acquisition of the prosperity that was his. It had been a good name on all his checks and had an Aa rating in Dunn's and Bradstreet's.

Mr. Levy was regretful, but he had always been kind to his family, never denying them anything, and when the girls had wanted Pierce-Arrows for their birthdays hadn't he given each one of them a sport car? Should he now permit a name to stand in the way of their happiness?

Besides, Llewellyn was not far from Levy. It began with an "L" and contained a "W" which was the next letter to "V" and had a "Y" in it.

ONE day Mr. Arthur Llewellyn was again driving in the Adirondacks and came to the same hotel which had turned Abraham Levy from its doors.

A whimsical notion occurred to Mr. Llewellyn. He would enter the hotel and take the best room in the house and there in the privacy of his quarters enjoy a most hearty laugh.

Mr. Llewellyn observed there was a new clerk at the desk; it would have suited his whim better had there been present the clerk who turned Mr. Levy away.

He signed his name.

"I want your best suite," he said.

"I am sorry, sir," said the clerk, "we haven't a room left in the house."

MR. LLEWELLYN'S daughters were certain that it was his face that had betrayed him.

"Father," the elder one said, "you must admit you have the Semitic cast."

She had heard of the successful work of the great Dr. Nasalheimer, the plastic surgeon. He was so wonderful with noses. He could convert a nose into any desired shape. He showed samples of noses and one could select the kind of nose one wanted.

Mr. Llewellyn who had contributed endlessly to the happiness of his children was not one to permit his nose to stand in the way.

MR. LLEWELLYN selected a 100 per cent Nordic nose, and when the handiwork of the great surgeon was completed and Mr. Llewellyn looked into the mirror he was sure the operation was worth every dollar of the \$5,000 fee.

Mr. Llewellyn was a new man. Abraham Levy was dead and though Mr. Llewellyn had some regrets at his passing, he rejoiced in the pleasure of his children.

He was certain of the success of the operation the following summer when without the least difficulty he registered in the hotel which had twice rejected him.

BUT Mr. Llewellyn soon became aware of an aloofness on the part of the other guests of the hotel. He observed that he was never taken into their recreational activities nor was he welcomed into those porch corner smokers in which the older men liked to indulge. All this both puzzled and distressed him. He had changed his name and spent \$5,000 on his nose and still he was not popular.

He was lonely, save for the company of the hunch-back. The hunch-backed guest was socially quite impossible, having, in addition to his infirmity, an ugly face.

The two fell much into each other's company and walked the live-long day about the spacious grounds of the hotel or sat smoking in a far corner of the porch.

ONE day Mr. Llewellyn leaned over to whisper to the hunch-back:

"Confidence for confidence," he said, "I'll tell you a secret.

"Very well," his friend replied.

"In strictest confidence I tell you this: I am a Jew."

"Now," said the hunchback, "that you have been confidential with me I will tell you a secret: I am a hunch-back."

All day Mr. Llewellyn thought upon the cryptic remark of the hunchback. What did he mean? What was the joke?

Executive Committee Adopts Expanded Program



THE Executive Committee meeting of the Constitution Grand Lodge held in Cincinnati, December 11th, demonstrated once more the alertness and world-wide scope of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith. Communications, coming from many parts of the world evidenced also that Jewry, everywhere, thinks of the B'nai B'rith in world terms.

The Order in turn has shown once more that nothing Jewish, no matter where it may happen, is foreign to it. *Kol Yisroel Achim* (All Israel is one brotherhood) evidently is not a mere phrase with the B'nai B'rith, but an actual living fact.

A B'nai B'rith Lodge in Tel Aviv asked for a sum of money to help build a B'nai B'rith center and the Executive Committee agreed to place the required sum at the disposal of the lodge.

From Rochester, Minn., came a request for financial co-operation in the establishment of a social service department in connection with the Mayo Clinics. And, in view of the fact that about ten per cent of those who come there to seek health are Jews, the Order again responded gladly and substantially.

These two examples, out of many that could be cited, show the varied interests of the Order.

Another indication of the universality of the B'nai B'rith was the manner in which President Alfred M. Cohen was received by the brethren in various countries in Europe which he visited several months ago. Jewry, alive and pulsating, was eager to listen to his message from the brethren in the United States.

Brother Cohen opened the proceedings of the Executive Committee Conference by giving a resume of his visit to the European Lodges. He spoke of the works of practical philanthropy and of the cultural activities in which the lodges engage. Brother Cohen, in concluding his review of his European visit, said:

"I came back from Europe more imbued than ever with the idea that we are engaged in work of world-wide importance for Jewry. We are a central influence for Jewry everywhere."

Dr. Boris D. Bogen, secretary of the Order, gave a resume of the activities of the B'nai B'rith. He spoke of the fact that even though energies are bent upon the raising of funds for the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope and for the Jewish Orphan Home of Districts No. 2 and 6, there has been no slackening in the matter of organizing new lodges.

The Secretary of the Order announced that 23 new lodges were organized during the year. Of these 9 are in foreign countries, including Germany, England, Roumania, Scotland and Turkey.

A Metropolitan Council has been established in New York, consisting of delegates from all the B'nai B'rith Lodges in the city. The Council is planning an intensive membership campaign with the motto: "One new member a day, seven days, seven applications per member."

Plans have been evolved for spreading the influence of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE still more, although its progress during the past year has been satisfactory.

One of the important matters that came before the Executive Committee was the adoption of a budget to cover the various new activities of the Order. After careful and thorough consideration a budget of \$300,000 was adopted for the year 1928. This will enable the Order to carry on its new activities as well as those to which it was already previously committed.

The various institutions for which the Order as a whole and the district lodges individually are responsible are in excellent condition. From reports in District No. 2 the indications are that the Jewish Orphan Home Building Fund campaign will be successful. District No. 6 will start to raise its share of the quota early in 1928.

Substantial appropriations were made for the National Jewish Hospital in Denver, and the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital in Hot Springs. Efforts will also be made in connection with raising funds for needed improvements in the building of this institution.

In connection with the Emergency Relief Fund, reports indicate that moneys placed at the disposal of those who suffered losses during the Florida

and Santa Barbara misfortunes are being repaid.

The Mississippi Flood which affected some of our brethren necessitated aid from this fund. The Order placed such aid at the disposal of Brother Archibald A. Marx, who supervised expenditures which were needed.

The Order, it was reported, still cares for 211 War Orphans in foreign countries.

As a result of the favorable communications received from many lodges in connection with the custom of presenting gifts at weddings, *Bar Mitzvahs*, Confirmations, and other joyous occasions, instituted by the Order last year, funds were set aside for this purpose for the coming year.

Brother Sigmund Livingston presented the report of the work done by the Anti-Defamation League. He also spoke of the efforts of the Federal Council of Churches in connection with better understanding. Co-operation in this work is to be continued as in the past.

The committee listened with interest to the report of the yoeman service that the Order is performing in Mexico. Several thousand East European Jews are now settled in the neighboring republic, and the B'nai B'rith Mexican bureau is doing much to help these newcomers acclimate themselves.

Brother Maurice D. Rosenberg reported on his activities in the B'nai B'rith Washington Bureau.

Brother Sam Beber reported that the A. Z. A. now has 68 chapters.

Definite plans were made for the organization of a Speakers' Bureau to provide lecturers on Jewish topics for clubs, luncheon organizations, societies and general public gatherings.

Members of the Executive Committee present were: Ben M. Achtenberg, Henry A. Alexander, Alfred M. Cohen, Maurice Hirsch, Joseph L. Kun, Sidney G. Kusworm, Robert Lappen, Archibald A. Marx, Lucius L. Solomons, Joseph A. Wilner and Boris D. Bogen, secretary. Representing the A. Z. A., Sam Beber; the Anti-Defamation League, Sigmund Livingston; the Washington Bureau, Maurice D. Rosenberg.

The Synagogue in a Democracy

By Samuel S. Cohon



HE most striking and novel situation which the synagogue has had to face in democratic America is the separation of church and state. Unlike the governments of Europe, the United States exercises no control over religion. While the atmosphere of the country may be decidedly Christian, the government gives no official preference to any one church or denomination above any other. It recognizes no one religion as the "established" religion of the state, and offers no particular support to one above the other. The exemption of church property from taxation applies to every house of worship, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. Under such circumstances the synagogue finds itself free from the government interference to which it was subjected in Czaristic or Soviet Russia, and the government subsidies which it receives in Germany or in France. As a free institution, it is thrown upon its own resources. No person is compelled to belong to the synagogue or is taxed to maintain its activities. Membership is purely voluntary. The synagogue must gain support through the moral appeal, through propaganda and through education.

This new situation of the synagogue under a democracy has naturally called for a readjustment of its management along both political and financial lines; and along both of them it meets with serious pitfalls. In the Old World, particularly in eastern Europe, our people, being practically disfranchised, had little, if any, political experience. Consequently, the synagogue was left untouched by political partisanship as well as by the game of politicians. In this country, on the other hand, the spirit of politics invades the church and the synagogue alike. Despite the official separation between religion and government, the various denominational bodies play a decisive role in the governmental scheme of the country, as evidenced in the Prohibition movement and in various other reform measures. This fact comes plainly to light at important elections. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that some synagogues even as some churches should occasionally be drawn into the

vortex of politics. Politicians, canvassing high and low for votes, invading clubs, lodges and churches, find good hunting grounds in the synagogues as well. Before the members and their leaders are aware of it, the synagogues fall into the hands of the job and power hunters. These develop a rather sudden love for their "Hebrew friends," and, at times through the aid of influential members of the synagogue, find a place on the program of various congregational functions, from banquets to regular meetings, and from corner-stone layings and dedications to regular divine services. The more advanced synagogues have steadily refused to entangle themselves with any elections, even if it be those of their most favored sons. They appreciate only too well at what cost such elections are bought. The political luxuries indulged in by religious majorities can never be profitable to small minorities such as ours.

The dire consequences of the new political life upon the synagogue came to light with the advent of Prohibition. If the Evangelical churches of Christendom became the chief bulwark of the eighteenth amendment, the synagogue—through the influence of shortsighted religious leadership and scheming politicians—became one of the last resorts of thirsty men. Suddenly the heads of some synagogues discovered that Judaism rests upon *Kiddush*, *Habdalah*, and the benediction, "*bore peri hagofen*." The Reform synagogue was soon freed from this nuisance. At its Washington meeting, the Central Conference of American Rabbis voluntarily renounced the privilege granted to its members of signing certificates for sacramental wine. Though rabbinic authorities presented ample proof that intoxicating liquors are not essential to the performance of any Jewish religious ceremonies, some Orthodox leaders, both lay and rabbinical, tenaciously held on to their rights. "Sacreligious" wine became a profitable affair for some individuals and a source of endless vexation to the Jewish people and the synagogue.

However, it is in its adjustment to American business standards that the synagogue faces its chief difficulties. That sound business methods should be

applied to the management of any institution, be it charitable, educational or religious, is only to be expected. The difficulty to which we refer arises from the occasional failure to recognize the real purpose of the congregation, and from turning it into a business institution. That this is unfortunately the case in a number of instances is only too well known. Some adopt the methods of advertising the "wares" of the synagogue that are employed in advertising real estate or dry goods, with the same exaggeration and the same lack of taste. The salary of the *chazan* or the rabbi is published far and wide to demonstrate what high quality of spiritual fare is furnished. The rabbi's speaking engagements and the mileage covered by him are trumpeted forth in order to show how greatly he is in demand, and how certain he is to please. One congregation proudly announced regarding its Holy Day services: "*Hier wird gedawent Rosh Hashanah und Yom Kippur. Satisfaction guaranteed.*"

In more modest congregations, too, it is occasionally forgotten that what may be considered legitimate and profitable in business may be both questionable and ruinous in the synagogue. As a religious institution, its success can be measured, not by its income or profit, nor even by the numbers that it attracts, but only by the faithfulness with which it promotes its aims and principles. How to uphold its ideals while providing for its material needs is a problem of no small difficulty. In the Old World a tax directly levied by the state, as in Germany, or an indirect tax on kosher meat, yeast, candles, etc., levied by individual communities, as in pre-revolutionary Russia, supplied the necessary funds for the operation of the synagogues. The changed social and political conditions of America make it necessary for the synagogues, as for the churches, to rely upon the voluntary contributions from their members. While this method more nearly approximates the free spirit of sacrifice which religion seeks to cultivate in its followers, it is not without serious drawbacks. With human nature as it is, when not coerced to do their duty, men sometimes take advantage of their freedom. Accordingly, even men and

women who claim to be devoted to their faith occasionally fail to contribute to the synagogue.

The burden of support, consequently, falls upon the few. This is particularly the case in the larger cities of the land, where despite tens of thousands of Jewish residents the congregational membership is negligibly small. Finding themselves without the necessary support, some synagogues labor under the burden of such heavy mortgages that they cannot engage the proper personnel to carry on their educational and religious work, and are compelled to get along without rabbis, cantors and teachers. The best efforts of their leaders are devoted to finding ways and means of paying the interest on the synagogue mortgages. To solve the problem of maintenance, congregational boards resort to what they may consider good business. One way that usually recommends itself to them is raising the dues of membership and charging high prices for pew rentals for the Holy Days. In this fashion the synagogue budget is taken care of, but the cure is as bad as the disease. The high cost of synagogue membership makes it well-nigh impossible for the man of small means to do his duty to the congregation. Thus, the ranks of the unaffiliated are considerably increased. And the synagogue, in place of being a house of prayer for all people, sometimes becomes an exclusive institution on the order of a fashionable club, to which only the prosperous may aspire. The gravity of the situation manifests itself around the Holy Day season. An editorial in the *Jewish Tribune* graphically describes this phase of the problem as it presents itself in the city of New York, a description which on a lesser scale characterizes the situation also in a dozen other large cities of the country.

"With the High Holidays almost upon us, we note not without trepidation and shame the perennial weed, the so-called "mushroom" synagogue, cropping up in all kinds of places, often under the auspices of enterprising business men who seek to exploit the annual religious fervor of the unsynagogued. Again we have the unlovely spectacles of lurid and blatant poster advertisements, of seat-selling, of the transformation of places of amusement and grosser forms of commerce into places of solemn worship."

Year in, year out, this unpleasant phenomenon obtrudes itself upon our

unwilling attention, the regular synagogue goers are indignant about it, and yet nothing is done to cope with the problem. Of course, it is those Jews who are unwilling to help maintain permanent houses of worship who are largely to blame for this condition; on the other hand, there are those who cannot be regular affiliates of a congregation, whose business or other circumstances prevent them from attending except at that season when the religion of Israel takes on its most solemn and mystic significance.

The problem is one for the regular synagogues to cope with. Some congregations have, with great success, followed the practice of establishing temporary branch synagogues during the holidays. This is good as far as it goes. Unfortunately in a city like New York this is of little help because it is done only by a few congregations.

The real solution of the problem is for all the congregations to work together for this purpose and establish provisional synagogues in the sections of the cities in which they are required. This was tried by the short-lived *Kehillah* of New York City, and was found to have been practical and self-supporting. Why should not the congregations join hands in such a project, and thus take business out of religion, especially during the most solemn season of the Jewish year?

As long as the congregations of the larger cities will continue to work singly, the religious needs of the community at large will not be solved; for there are needs which cannot be considered the exclusive concern of any one congregation in particular, and yet they must be taken care of. We refer to the maintenance of chaplains for the Jewish inmates in the penal institutions and hospitals, of religious work among students in colleges, etc. Only by federating the various houses of worship within the community may it be possible to make ample provision for the religious, educational and cultural needs of all the Jewish people. An attempt in this direction was made several years ago in Chicago, when the Federation of Synagogues was launched. And, while during the first ten years of its existence, it has failed to carry into reality some of the hopes that animated its founders, it at least demonstrated that co-operation between synagogues is possible. With greater zeal and better direction real results may be achieved.

The lack of proper co-operation between synagogues and the lack of co-ordination of their work accounts for many anomalies in synagogue life and management. Where proper organization exists, it may be possible to enlist the interests of all Jewish people in synagogue work, and through large community support remove some of the unpleasant features incident to financing its activities. We cite, in particular, one method of fund raising which some of our synagogues have directly borrowed from non-Jewish sources and which poorly harmonizes with the high ideals of the synagogue. It utilizes the peoples' love of fun and pleasure for religious purposes. The unfortunate part is that some of these pleasures are of an irreligious character. It is, of course, with good intentions that Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods arrange card parties for the synagogue; only those good people forget that the gambling spirit which such entertainments encourage is subversive of the ethical spirit for which religion stands. There was a time when gambling disqualified a man from serving on the witness stand in Jewish courts of law. Despite the greater laxity in such matters in our days, it is still impossible for the Jewish consciousness to reconcile itself to such means of fund raising for religious purposes. Of similar nature are the raffles and the bazaars with the roulette wheels, which many congregations arrange for the benefit of the synagogue. In some communities the city ordinances prohibit this type of enterprise, and special political influence has to be used to secure permission from the heads of the city to utilize for religious purposes that which is not tolerated in other places. What moral effect such things have upon our youth is a question not difficult to answer. From the standpoint of the ideals of the synagogue, it were far better to stay without funds than to raise them in so irreligious a way.

Of course, we are assured that no harm is meant and that only the good of the synagogue is sought. All the greater is the pity that wrong means have to be employed for the attainment of the right end. As Jews we have been priding ourselves that in Judaism the end does not sanctify the means. The synagogue of all the three divisions in American Jewry stands in need of testing its methods in the light of its aims, if it is to continue as the home of religious idealism in this new land of liberty.

Joseph Auslander Astride a Modern Pegasus

By Solon S. Bloom



ARISING name in contemporary American poetry is that of Joseph Auslander. Though he is but twenty-nine years old his work has already won him high recognition and some much coveted prizes. Also he has found time to teach for three years at Harvard University and at Radcliffe College. Today he lives in New York and devotes himself chiefly to writing plays and reviewing poetry for the *Sun* and the *World*.

Born in Philadelphia, Auslander got the start of his primary education there and completed it and his secondary schooling in Brooklyn. Following this he went to Harvard where he took a regular four year liberal arts course. And then he heard the call which has beckoned so many of the younger American literati; he heard the spirit of Paris calling, and off he went to study at the Sorbonne. Having imbibed a sufficient draught of the sparkling French culture, young Auslander returned to the States, and then it was that he took up his work as a pedagogue.

The first noteworthy recognition of his force and originality as a poet came to Auslander in 1924. In that year the Poetry Society of Charleston, South Carolina, awarded him the famous Blindman Prize. The poem which won this honor was a brilliant fantasia deftly constructed in sonnet sequence and in nine well defined divisions. Every word is weighed and measured for its exact nuance of meaning and yet the whole poem moves with a spontaneous pulse. The following four verses, for instance, well illustrate the vitality and freshness of Auslander's language combined with the disciplined control of his medium which is characteristic of the authentic poet:

"To base my feet against your crying flesh,

Jutting my passion like a ladder; reach

Out of this black bewilderment, this mesh

Of nerves, the white nihility of speech. . . ."

This gives us a glimpse of Auslander in the garb of more or less traditional form. But he also employs both blank and free verse with an occasional rhyme effect that gives it a distinctive

individuality. Some months ago the *American Mercury* published an epic in little of his, called "Steel" which should make even Carl Sandburg look to his laurels. In this piece Auslander deals with the brute realities which are certainly a far cry from the sentimental subject matter of goody, goody poetry—moonlight and roses and the tender blush of an innocent maiden. He describes the death of an inarticulate foreigner, a steel worker caught



Joseph Auslander

beneath the machinery of his trade. In lines ringing with an uncanny inevitability he prepares us for the approaching calamity:

"Sheets that were white and cool,
embalmed and clean;

For twenty-four hours he touched
the hair of death,

Ran his fingers through it, and it was
a deep dark green—
And he held his breath."

Auslander is not one crying in the wilderness against the sordidness, the fierce power, the dizzy hustle bustle of our jazzy, steam-heated, efficiency-mad civilization. He has instead, like the true artist he is, caught hold of the wild beauty and palpitating strength of it. Also he has, in one of his best known poems, portrayed the poignant helplessness of man in the midst of all this machinery and whirl. He has

taken a plucky iron worker, imbued him with the power and prepossession of a Greek god and then made him the victim of a petty industrial accident:

"And one fine sun-splashed noon he lunged

Over the stark dead line—and missed!
Swung for an instant and then plunged

While the lone insane rivet hissed
Him all the way down from truss to truss

And dropped beside its Icarus!"

Joseph Auslander represents the Jew's venture into the new and modern canyons of American literature. He has lived up to the high ideals of his people. He, as a Jew, has glorified sex as a sacred thing. He has not made sport of human happiness and ecstasy; but instead has used the most universal and most intense of human experiences as a theme for worthy song and story. Auslander has not allowed himself to become jaded. His views of life have not become distorted nor degraded by the luxury-worshipping standards of the day and hour.

Joseph Auslander does not yet stand forth a personality so distinctly individual as Carl Sandburg or E. E. Cummings. Yet he has shown originality of a high and precious order and he is gathering strength steadily. He has mounted the stairway which leads to glorious heights; he is on the path to the golden horizon of poetic achievement. "Steel," "Fata Morgana" and "The Riveter" show us that Auslander is a young man destined to a permanent place in American literature. Whether he will live up to that promise remains to be seen.

A fuller view of our poet's soul and the offspring of that soul is to be had in "Cyclops' Eye," a book of Auslander's collected verse brought out by Harper & Brothers. Here are to be found pieces that have previously appeared in the advance guard of American literary publications: the *Dial*, the *Fugitive*, the *American Mercury*, *Measure* and others. Here are to be found proofs conclusive that the pegasus which Auslander rides with mastery is not a mere hobby horse, but a winged steed of the select breed upon which Byron, Shelley, Keats, Goethe, Pushkin and Swinburne dashed forth to deathless glory.

Problems of the Jewish Youth

By A. A. Roback



THE Jew, from the first years of the Diaspora, has had to cope with the world, or, to be explicit, with the attitude of the non-Jew. Countless tragedies were the lot of the undying race—until the emancipation of the Jews in the liberal countries, and their settlement in America brightened the prospects of this misunderstood people.

How can one speak of tragedies with reference to the American Jews? They are, to all intents and purposes, sons and daughters of fair Columbia. The older generation still has its handicaps, but in comparison with life in the European ghettos, the situation is glorious. The younger people seem to enjoy all the opportunities offered to native Americans of the early stock, and no distinction appears to be made between Jew and Gentile in any sphere of human endeavor.

It might therefore have been expected that the Jewish youth would have no problems in adjusting himself to the environment, that all the sufferings his forebears had lived through would not in any form be repeated, but a little scratching on the veneer of the present-day circumstances will reveal the core of the old-time tragedy shorn, however, of its more sordid accompaniments.

The sociological drama which is disclosed to us from time to time in the complaints of Jewish employees, students, professional men and teachers has not reached its *denouement*, and probably will never approach a climax, but the tragedy always peers from behind the half-drawn curtain. Nearly every Jew with high ambitions is burdened not only with the individual disappointments and disillusionments that are the lot of every mortal, but is further handicapped with special Jewish disabilities that, alas, only too soon come into evidence.

Every tragedy is of course sad, and some are pathetic; but the tragedy's dimensions usually depend on the depth of the mind that ponders it. There is a subjective as well as an objective side to the tragedy. With some, the tragedy becomes merely a problem to solve; with others, it ends in a disaster.

The sociological phase of these whispered episodes has been discussed more than once and ended usually in a

general bemoaning of the facts, but the psychological aspect has, so far as I know, never been touched upon.

That the episodes related are *bona fide*, that the capable Jew has to contend with an unpleasant situation, I have never so much as doubted for an instant; but it was a complete revelation to me to learn that many take the matter so much to heart that because of it they have an embittered outlook upon life. Of course, Heine's feeling in this respect is well-known, and his definition of Judaism as a misfortune is still enjoying its vogue in some quarters, but Heine lived nearly a century ago and a poet's utterance is not to be taken in every instance at its face value.

It was a confession made by a former student of mine, now a Ph.D., with a promising career ahead of him, that awakened me to the existence of silent tragedies that are buried within the bosom of the individual and that cannot be communicated sufficiently so as to make them even intelligible to others—ineffable sorrows that mean next to nothing except to the one actually experiencing them. The outsider may smile at the insignificance of the trouble, just as the adult may be amused at the grief of the child who is disconsolate because her dolly has crushed its leg, but psychologically the woe is real, even if the cause has little foundation.

The young man in question was, what you might call, a good mixer. He always appeared to be jolly and for that reason made a good impression upon those he met for the first time. His intonations and accent were not racial but local, and he might have been taken for an American by some people. In his appointments he was always rather fortunate, and, in my eyes, there was nothing in his way to disconcert him.

Yet as we were discussing his future plans in my study, he deliberately paused before finishing a sentence, took a deep breath and in a markedly tense voice, began to tell how he considered his Jewishness a thorn in his flesh.

At first I thought this was merely a casual dramatization, then when it became apparent that the young man was in earnest, I was visibly surprised. It must be mentioned that I had considered these racial tragedies as matters of fact happenings, like the va-

rious tricky practices in politics, etc. To bewail every foible of man would rob one of every ounce of energy and would leave one unfit for serviceable work. This attitude on the part of a highly educated man, enjoying all the privileges of an enlightened country, was, I confess, rather novel to me, and I plied him with questions as to details.

In sum, the grievance was largely one that affected his social relations with his Gentile friends. He felt that they were willing to go just so far, and after that, they proceeded to set up a barrier. Perhaps he was a bit too sensitive, maybe he was under the spell of a delusion. Nevertheless, his symptom is typical of many other young men and women who have made up their mind to drop their Jewishness and mingle as on an equal footing with their neighbors and colleagues. When they find it cannot be done with the same efficiency or thoroughness as they perform their intellectual, artistic or professional tasks, they become depressed and sometimes develop a guilt complex, or else by way of over-compensation, they take a cynical stand toward life.

What ails these future leaders of American Jewry? Can it be that it is a mere transitory feeling soon to be forgotten, or is it apt to leave its impress on the still plastic mind of the young intellectual?

My theory is that at the root of this trouble is a *pernicious repression* which only serves to throw into relief the victim's or, shall we say, patient's Jewishness. The man who is not afraid of mentioning things Jewish, who takes it for granted that there are races and types of people and talks about the Jews when the occasion requires, just as if he might be referring to the French, Gypsies, Chinese or Russians, and who makes it his business to acquaint himself with the history of the people he alludes to occasionally, will have no cause to repress, and consequently there will be no aftermath of repression. The consciousness of Jew ("myself") and non-Jew will not be so accentuated, just as the physician in discussing medical subjects with an attorney is not keenly aware of the professional difference between him and his interlocutor.

(Continued on Page 99)

"Tex of Rodeo Fame"

by Stanley Bero

Illustrated by Saul Raskin

IT WAS in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I was aboard the quaint, open air street car. A cowboy of extraordinary size got on. He wore an ordinary suit, a Mexican sweater vest, and a Navajo craft ring, twice the usual size, as befitted his enormous hand. His hat, somewhat less than ten gallons in depth topped off his great height excellently, the shadow of its broad brim resting artistically on his broad shoulders and deep chest. He could have filled the empty bench opposite with ease. He chose, however, to plank himself down beside me. It is only by contrast that we realize frailty. Looking up, I felt shrunken. I bit my lip and kept my thoughts to myself. The eagle-eyed westerner, realizing his protrusion said, "Sorry." A conversation followed in which the stranger, by his directness and naturalness, showed himself to be an uncommon personality.



Stanley Bero

He unrolled for me a veritable panorama of western life. Dizzy mountain heights, gold mining and the bygone days of the romantic west all figured in his story. He felt a keen sense of loss in the changes wrought by the passing of time.

And then as he left the car he remarked, without turning back, "I'll see you some more, I hope."

Later the same day, as I was leaving the dining room of the hotel in which I stayed, I noticed the cow puncher of my morning's meeting in a group of big fellows. I asked Mr. Greer, the affable manager of the hostelry: "Do you happen to know the chap with the big frame in the center of those midgets?"

"That's Tex Austin. He and I have known each other for the longest time.

Way back in the days when things happened, I ran an inn in the wilds of Wyoming and Tex branded cattle none too tame."

Just then the clerk held up a letter and looked straight at me. I went over to get it and as I stood at the desk, I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. Looking up, I found it was Tex Austin. He said:

"So here you are. I am glad you are putting up at the Franciscan. If you are going to stay any length, I wish I could induce you to come to my ranch. It is not far. The papers always refer to it as a "dude ranch." I do not like the term. It is not fair nor always true. On the way I'd show you one of the pueblos near here. I have been, for some time, an Indian trader. I speak several of the Indian dialects. What made me become an Indian trader was a desire to obtain a fair deal for these real Americans."

I do not now recall what excuse I offered him. But I asked him to help himself to a fresh cigar and told the girl to lay aside an out of town paper several days old; the local sheet has no real value for a non-resident. The next minute we were all drawn outside by the noise and commotion of a little accident. An auto ran into an old Mexican mounted on a burro. Luckily the brake had been put on in time and consequently there was no serious damage done.

As we got back into the foyer, Tex drew me aside. We sat down in chairs in the corner and he continued his story:

"I spoke to you about my ranch, did I not? I have acres of land that, once you see them, will make you feel like forgetting the East. You will bless this vast expanse and take on a new lease of enthusiasm."

He said this with genuine feeling and not at all like a promoter or high-powered salesman. After a brief pause, he went on:

"I once prevented a young fool, who came out here and put on our togs,

from harming an Indian maid. I was crossing the mesas when I heard a shriek. Turning in the direction of the noise I made for the spot in double quick order. I drew a blank at the fellow and told him to drop. Throwing my saddle rug over him, I roped him around and flung him across my horse, Bill. Droopingly he held on. The Indians followed us. Faster and faster we cut the ground until we reached a point of safety. I gave him the beating that he deserved and let him go, exacting a promise from him that he would never show his face again in our part of the country. Returning to the Red men I told them it was the law of the white men to bury their own dead. This made the Indians happy as children. The incident won me their friendship. It is worth its keep; it is not easy to get," concluded Tex with a pride bordering on conceit.

"That sounds like part of a scenario," I observed, merely to say something.

"That is true, but I never thought of it when I was doing my bit under the lights or out in the open for Hollywood's turning black devil, none too easy to please," rejoined Tex.

I learned afterwards from other sources than himself that in addition to being a rancher and movie actor he was considered a rider second to none among rodeo men and that he held second place among the rope throwers.

The next day business took me to Santa Fe. Returning to Albuquerque late in the afternoon I was kept busy writing letters till dinner time. After dinner I sat out in the parlor waiting for some people who were to take me to a certain function where I was scheduled to speak. Tex happened to look in. There was a touch of sarcasm in his expression as he noticed my conventional suit. He didn't say a word. But I called him over:

"I am afraid, Tex, you misjudge people from other parts of the country. Clothes are but the frame and

not the picture, Tex! In addressing an audience, as I will this evening, one must command attention. The clothes, the pitch of the voice and the phrasing all contribute to the effectiveness in getting the ideas across."

To which Tex responded, "I'll be hanged! You are different! I owe you an apology all right!"

We met again shortly after eleven that evening.

"I am going upstairs to change my clothes, Tex. If you care to come up, I have a story that will hold you."

Ten minutes later there was a loud rap on my door. Tex entered. He sat down on a rocker, stretched his legs half across the floor, pulled out a jet black cigar, lit it and smilingly said:

"Now go to it; get your story off your chest."

Tex listened tensely to a brief outline of an occurrence that took place in Dead Wood, South Dakota. "That Tenth Jew," the story might have been entitled. It brought out with dramatic force the traits of an unexpected stranger who was an American from the word go and a Jew of whom the nine other fellows in the group were proud. As the story warmed up, Tex sighed and his eyes moistened. He interjected:

"Say, you are good, you are very good! How do you get that stuff? You have me come into your room and no sooner are we together a few minutes than you manage to get me right. You wanted to know something about me which you didn't know how to ask, in the old fashioned way, so you go and tell me a story. As I draw on my bellows, you get the answer to your unasked question. You wanted to know about me that of which I am not ashamed but which is my private business. I am a Jew. I never denied it. But no one seemed to care or press the question.

"Those who know us boys realize that the big outdoors is our Temple and doing the square thing our dogma.

"Now, I am going to tell you a real story. It has no catch, either! At the age of twelve, going on thirteen, I left my parental home. My people, plain but straight as a dial, were good observing Jews of the old school. They lived in South Carolina. I would neither study nor do their bidding. I

took my beatings regularly, but they never got beyond the skin. The more they tried to suppress me, the more the rebel in me protested. One day I quit and went my way. It would take volumes to tell of the hardships that were part and parcel of my experience. I had to learn, whatever I know, in my own way. It was the great open outdoors, where I had drifted, that afforded me the lesson of application.

"I mixed with preachers, roughs and sinners. The seemingly tough and vulgar were often aristocrats of the soul. The good were lacking in pep. The tough were harmless when not taken seriously. I was a hardy lad and grew fast and wiry. I slowly worked my way into the pan-handle



"I am a Jew. I never denied it."

country—I punched cows, herded beef. I worked for the big outfits and soon led in the round-ups. When I 'bust a broncho' in my dreams, I realized that I was beginning to savvy the things that count.

"These pursuits occupied fully twenty-five years of my life. I traded in cattle, too, but pasture lands reduced the green to a reddish clay, and bitter hunger and unsatiated thirst took off the stock for leagues around.

"Once I remember coming down from Wyoming on a lonely horse unsaddled. For nineteen days and nights I saw precious few white men. I crossed the border and got into old Mexico unharmed. I had the faith in the wild flowers as they bloomed unbroken. The trees as they watched me silently whispered to one another. An Indian blanket afforded me warmth. An open mind furnished me with food for thought. As I pierced the blue, over mount and dale, I little dreamed that a mighty race would grow up and

people the empty spans with precocious offspring girded by weather and not mused by climate—primed with power to dare and achieve.

"A few years ago, I put on a rodeo, that outstripped all previous Wild West shows taken back East. It was in June 17, 1924, when 150 of my boys and girls showed 40,000 eager Londoners something in the way of steer roping and wrestling contests. We were prevented from going on with the show because of the interference caused by the injunction of Sir MacDonald, the honorary secretary of the Humane Society. While so restrained, the cowboys were sitting around on the top of the cattle pens sunning themselves and wondering what the row was about.

"Next day we went on with our program. The King was on hand and his grip sure was of the right sort, I tell you!

"And then again in October, 1924, the old Madison Square Garden in New York City had an excitement all its own. Our boys and girls, from the grand entry until the last wild horse had been ridden, showed their devilish spunk. The pace was fast. A Brahma bull, one of the kind with a hump on his back and an offensive disposition, furnished the climax of the thrills. The arena was too small for

him. He broke through the rail which was fairly substantial and scattered the people, causing a commotion hard to manage. This same bull came near killing one of our girls. She survived and would go on taking her chances until the end, claiming that each of us has our part to play."

Something deeper than idle curiosity awakened a desire to learn particulars regarding Texas' childhood days and family.

"When you were back East, did it not set you a thinking about your own?"

Tex admitted that on his way overseas, as upon his return, he had made up his mind to get a line on what had become of his father, mother, two brothers and sister. An agency, with which he left the task in hand, traced the family to Dallas, Texas.

"When I came back and got my information, I wrote a letter to my folks. A wire carried the news back that mother was to leave that very evening

and when she would arrive. It sure did soften me up good and proper. I got busy all right to prepare for her arrival and like a big boob I went and told everybody mother is on her way.

"When I met her at the depot, she cried and she smiled. I was just choking dryly. For quite some time we clung with a rigid hold that caused people to stop and take notice, and they seemed to feel better for having stopped to look. And as I let mother go, I simply could not help it, I got at her again. I did not care for anybody or anything. She was my darling old mother! Her black dress and gray hair worn old-fashionedly, her gentle voice, made me feel my guilt as never before. My errors past unmaking, there remained but the square thing to do.

"As I got her into my machine, she just clung to my arm with a warmth that made me go faster than ever and realize that I was carrying a sure winner. She reminded me of the suit and the torn shoes that I wore when I left home. I'll never forget her words:

"I have always felt that we would meet! God has heard my prayer. **Blessed be He, the One, the Holy One.**"

"Well, I surely gave the old lady the grandest time possible during her stay. It included everything worth while seeing in these parts. Folks from far and near whom I never knew before came to see her. The people on my ranch were as nice to her as though they had known her always. An English gentleman, who usually kept himself aloof from the rest, danced with mother an old fashioned waltz. Both liked it. All others sat around and watched. After three weeks, I took her back home. I insisted upon having a family reunion."

The phone rang—a telegram came. Tex continued:

"My brothers and sister did not require my help. I gave them the pick of the Navajo rugs, blankets and pil-

low tops. I purchased a home for mother; father simply had to have a watch and chain. His timepiece never went right for the longest time, mother told me. One day, when I came back from town, I swapped watches with him and after a while I let him keep the old one too. I deposited money in their name so that they could live in comfort. Mother insisted upon having a family photograph taken."

Before leaving Albuquerque, the next day, Tex called me into his room. Bending down, he took out of the bottom drawer, a leather belt studded with Indian ornaments. He, at the



"She was my darling old mother."

same time, laid on the table, beside it, a pair of spurs, bright and shiny. Calmly he said:

"I told my story as far as I could. But really it's too big to tell. These (pointing to the belt and the spurs), have been my companions for thirty-five years or more. You have the gift of God; put your ear to them. They will tell you what I would only spoil. They have been pals to me when solitude got me beneath the skin. My days in the open when she was wild and free, I would not change for your big city and all that is in it. I regret that the old West is nearly done! She will never again bring the good out of the brave nor the viciousness out of the rotter. There is water in our blood today!"

* * * *

That Tex Austin, the leading Rodeo man, is a Jew would have remained unknown but for his own disclosure. I have written it, as told by him, without drawing upon fancy's touch but aided by mental notes carried for over a year.

Problems of Jewish Youth

(Continued from Page 96)

The repressed Jewish intellectual, however, is constantly doing his utmost to avoid mentioning the very word "Jew" or its derivatives. There is a studied escape from the Jewish reality. From all appearances it would seem that the individual had never heard of such a group of people. And yet all the while he surmises that his companion must surely have "sized him up" racially. The very suspense or doubt is excruciating. The slightest suspicion that a Gentile has guessed the truth is likely to produce a sinking feeling in the repressor. He discovers that his friend who was so cordial to him the other day went on a "hike" with a Gentile companion and did not invite him—a fact not necessarily ascribable to the difference in race—and he is consumed with regret at his Jewish birth. What makes matters worse is that the Gentile companion sensing his friend's delicacy on this question refrains from ever alluding to things Jewish. Surely then he must have discovered the "crime." The situation becomes more tense and the relationship takes on a grotesque "hide-and-seek" aspect.

To add to the misery of the individual, who is *theoretically* proud of his race, or who at least, has been brought up to think so, and yet *practically* is ashamed of it, the contradiction amounts to no less than a lump of hypocrisy, which he cannot swallow.

There is but one suggestion which would reduce the effects of this complex. Every individual whose Jewish birth causes him concern should acquaint himself with the cultural achievements of the Jews in a dispassionate way, just as he might make a study of the Greeks or the Romans. He should make a determined effort to stop dissimulating and cease to tremble lest a remark bearing on the Jews pass his lips. On the other hand, he must not expect to be treated as if he were a close relative of his Gentile companion, bearing in mind that the Lessings are very rare, and the Mendelssohns even rarer.

The young Jew who cultivates a sane outlook is bound to be gratified at the results. He will neither be surprised at the goodwill of his Gentile friend, nor will he feel disappointed at an occasional sign of strangeness. The dictum: *Nothing is good or bad, but our thinking makes it so*, is nowhere so appropriate as in the province of racial relations.

News in Views



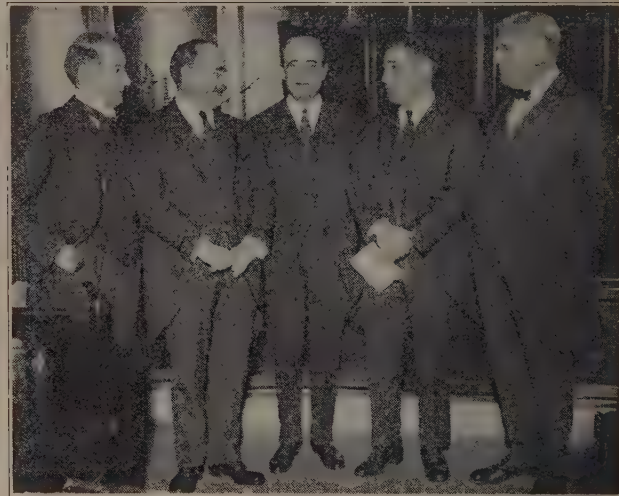
THREE prints of famous paintings by Rembrandt, reproduced from the Müller Kunstkalender for the year 5688. The scene at the extreme left is of Isaac blessing Jacob, the center scene shows Jacob wrestling with the angels, and the picture to the right portrays the aged patriarch being shown his son Joseph's bloody robe.

These illustrations bring out the spirit of the famous epic of Jacob as well as its physical aspects.



Jewish Daily Forward

ABOVE we see Noah Portnoy, leader of the Bund, Jewish Worker's Alliance of Poland, addressing a meeting celebrating the 30th anniversary of that organization.



Pacific & Atlantic Photo

NOTABLES who attended the 80th anniversary celebration of Kehilath Anshe Mayriv Temple of Chicago, last month. Left to right: Dr. Richard D. Hollington, Garrett Biblical Institute; Dr. Tobias Schanfarber, Rabbi Emeritus; Dr. Nathan Krass; Dr. Solomon B. Freehof, Rabbi; Samuel Mincer, president of Temple.



THE first Jewess to be awarded the alumnae prize for distinction in preparatory German offered at Brown University is Elizabeth Herzfeld Naumburg of New York City. There was a time when an academic education for a girl was a novelty. But now feminine charm and noteworthy scholarship are often found in the same person.

American Hebrew



Jewish Daily Forward

ABOVE is a group from the art school of the Workmen's Circle camp at Sylvan Lake, New York. These aspiring young artists do most of their work in the open air.



NEW Palestinian Paper Currency with Hebrew, Arabic and English inscriptions. This is the first issue of money to bear Hebrew lettering since the days of Bar Kochba.

Silver Coins

מטבעות כסף

النقد الفضية



100 mils

١٠٠ مل
100 ميل

BELOW is Benno Rabinof, violinist, recently hailed at Carnegie Hall, New York, as a new musical prodigy. He is twenty-one years old and is a pupil of Leopold Auer.



Jewish Tribune



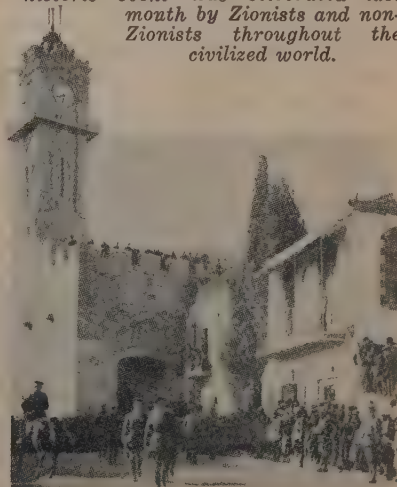
ABOVE we see both sides of an hundred mils coin which is also part of the new Palestinian money issue. This issuance of money with Hebrew characters is regarded in Zionist quarters as another symbol of Palestine's rejuvenation.

HAS the layman anything to do for Judaism? Three prominent leaders of American Jewry give an affirmative answer.



RUSSIA has become a country of many public gatherings and mass meetings. This is true of the Jewish population of that vast country as well as of the general population. The above scene shows a festive gathering in one of the new Jewish settlements.

BELOW we see General Allenby and his troops entering Jerusalem. The 10th anniversary of that historic event was celebrated last month by Zionists and non-Zionists throughout the civilized world.



New Palestine



THE Witch: O Teraphim, O Teraphim, let me caress thee. Sweet, familiar, spirit, frown not upon thy silver platter in merriment. Thou art the skull of a king's first-born son who dwelt in Shushan towards Ecbatane. Young thou wert and fairly grown; the great joy of thy Median mother who set this jewelled ring upon thy head. Thy body was as jasper, pale and keen, thine eye opals shone like lamps behind thy lashes. Thy lips were richer than royal dyes in the vats of royal dyers and thy hands firmer than wrought cedar-wood. Thou didst love a maiden whom thou hadst seen once even beside Choaspes river. Thou wouldst lie amid the reeds at night, careless of wild beasts and the crocodiles, playing her romances on thy silver tablet. She was my daughter, O deluded youth, whom I send across the world to do my bidding—and in those days I had no Teraphim. She came to thee from out the waters in sea-green garb and corals; her face whiter than lake-lilies and her eyes as faint fen-fires. And she sang enchantments in a voice as many rushes whispering, till slumber overtook thee and I flew from En-Dor in a tempest and hewed off thy head to be my Teraphim. Yea, thy beloved danced with glee to behold my keen knife smite thee. As the willows in the wind she shook and thy blood but stained her corals redder. Never will I forget thy father's hall rear white beneath the moon, and the river flowing past unheeding as I slew thee on her slippery banks amid the bulrush and the water-weeds. O, look not so askance at me. 'Tis almost as if thou hadst eyelids betimes! Am I not a handsome sib for thee, with all these Syrian coins strung through my hair and my skin withered as an adder's is? There are twin serpents in mine elf-shot eyes which dart like splinters of carbuncle through the besetting blears of age, and my arms are like a wort-woman's, snaky and tenuous and thin.

Oho! I can work wonders, as thou knowest. Wanton, where are thy beauty and thy manhood gone? Yea, now, thou hope of kingdoms and of monarchs within Shushan, thy flayed head looms upon this platter, to be my feast and give forth auguries.

Alack! We women are but doited crones when we love. What is the warm soft flesh to the sharp joy of kissing these hard bones that hurt the eager lips for their endearments? Let me breathe in the cavern of thy mouth. Ha! I would make the brine start to thy very eye-holes in response to my quick glances. I am. . . . I am no sib, but a king's spouse, beloved—thy mother never had another son. (The Teraphim laughs.)

The Witch: O, gruesome, gruesome, to mock her woe thus cruelly. What makes thee rattle thus upon the salver, my frolic? I hear voices, and the blood of men bites in my nostrils. Who crieth on my name?

Saul: An elder and his sons who would commune with thee, O Woman of En-Dor. (The Teraphim sneers.)

The Witch: Hush thee, my royal monkey. Away, away with ye! Know ye not that Saul, the King, hath banished all the wizards of the land? Some he rolled down the hills bound unto wheels, others he drowned at night in iron vessels smeared with pitch like shrilling mice within black waters. I dare but ply my arts in secret. Why would ye snare my life, base fowlers? Go hence, lest the Powers of Darkness beat ye with their scourges.

Saul: Nay, woman, I swear that thy years are sacred to me even as unto Noah was the covenant of Him who rules the voids and all the brother spheres. Let us in at En-Dor, the fountain of habitation, which lieth south of Tabor, lest we raze thy hovel to the ground as Jabin's hosts were razed by Barak.

The Witch: Thy roarings rush upon my ears. Enter, yet leave thy men without.

Murmurings follow. Then Saul enters, disguised in a dark cloak.

The Witch: Ho, ho a giant. Step nearer to the cauldron's flame that I may behold thee for my sight grows rheumy at thy strength. O, titanic in the red light! I catch the glint of sapphires beneath the tattered edges of thy mantle, thy sandals run unto thy knees. Thine arms were bred to wear huge bracelets and wield tremendous swords. On those brows a tarnished crown would flash for very pride. Thou plaguest my senses like a storm of locusts. Would I were as Jael to vanquish thee, Sisera!

Saul: Daughter of Belial, cease thy leering. My mind is not with hags but vaster issues. Let me consult thy familiars and I will pay thee well.

The Witch: If thou wert not of this stature the wrath between thine eyes could not restrain me. I would blast thee as the sinews upon Jacob's thigh and change thy limbs to scabs and thy existence to abomination. Yet thy splendor aches in my bosom and makes my pulses throb. Master, what wouldst thou?

Saul: I would see Samuel.

The Witch: So be it. (She stoops over the cauldron with uplifted arms.) "Lo, all things primordial keep their essence in the fire-core and the world is as a cavern wherein life's most poisonous potion seethes for aye. . . . Samuel, Leader and Prince of Israel: Appear! Silence ensues. Saul has sunk down on his haunches and gazes into the flare with his chin on his hands. The flames strike the sapphire jewels of his sandals and soar in a single spire to the tent-poles. The Witch remains standing. A horse neighs without.

The Witch: "Ah-h! I see gods arising from the earth. Out of the depths they sweep, graves yawn and vaulted tombs crash down. The dead fly forth, the worms slide blindly through the moist holes, agape and wild for their escaping prey. The clods roll into

chasms and ravines, and springing flowers are overturned. I scent the dank soil and the whirled dust. Ho! the gods ascend. . . . O Lords of Night! Now, now, he cometh—an old man covered with a raven cloak. Help me, ye monsters, ghouls and ponderous Behemoth! Hu, Machlaath, Naamah, Lilith and all ye sons of Ashmodai! Start to my aid. Lo! Rahab, Dagon and red Baal! O devils, devils, how I dread this charm. . . . *The Teraphim shrieks. A murky apparition rises from the cauldron. Saul bows his forehead to the ground.*

The Witch: Thou hast deceived me—thou art Saul. Teraphim, sweet Teraphim, the dead alone speak truth.

The Spirit of Samuel: Saul! Saul! Why hast thou wakened me and disturbed the slumber of the Lord's recalled? Have not the tears of Israel drenched my shroud and must thou rouse me from my grave in Ramah?

Saul: O, Samuel, I am drear of heart, for Achish the Philistine and all his soldiery have pitched their tents by Shunem. His armies are mighty. My bowels turn to water and courage hath

forsaken the fortress of my being. The prophets, the *Urim* and the dream-tellers were deaf to my behests, their lips are locked against me and thus I called



on thee. Have ruth and pity on me. Woe is me, for I have grown a coward.

The Spirit: Plead not with Samuel, for the Presence of the Omnipotent hath departed from thy countenance and thy soul is laid in waste and barrenness. Thy lamp is shattered in infernal gloom and thy hand broken on thy spear. What wilt of me, O Godless, in these licentious haunts? Go, the Master hath deserted thee for thou didst tremble at the sight of power and art a dread of the idolators. Thy faith

sank down, thy belly went hungry and thy throat parched for terror of the warriors with their images of brass, their armies and their chariots. There-

fore thou art accursed and thy voice unheeded by God. Thou didst doubt the potencies of Him who walked in a pillar of cloud and flame before His chosen, who overthrew the charioteers of Pharaoh into the sea, who forced the living waters to cleave the solid rock and raised the dead up by a Brazen Snake. O, Saul, thy Kingdom is riven from thee, thy sceptre bended and thy crown cast down; the royal Psalmist shall possess thy throne. Wrath comes upon

thee and thy sons. Tomorrow wilt thou be with me, for thou and thine will fall in battle upon Mount Gilboa. Thy scale hath kicked the beam, thy hours run out: Israel thou art doomed.

The Spirit vanishes in a clap of thunder. A gust blows through the chamber, whelming the fire in clouds of smoke. In the darkness Saul is dimly seen, lying face downwards on the ground, whilst the Witch of Endor kisses the grey skull.

Saul: Shaddai! Shaddai!

The Teraphim laughs.

Predict Complete Success for Orphan Home Appeal

THE children whose smiling faces appear on this page have been made happy by the United States Supreme Court. Its ruling makes it possible for the Jewish Orphan Home, where these children live, to build its proposed cottage plan institution in University Heights, a fine suburb of Cleveland.

As we hail this decision, the campaign for the One Million Dollar Building Fund, undertaken by the members of the B'nai B'rith in District No. 2, continues to gain momentum. More than \$600,000 has already been subscribed and drives in progress in many com-

munities promise to bring the campaign to victorious culmination.

Ohio, with a quota of \$700,000 announces the following cities with drives completed: Columbus, \$60,000; Toledo, \$50,000; Youngstown, \$25,000; Cincinnati, \$100,000; Dayton, \$35,000; Zanesville, \$6,000; Elyria, \$2,275; Marion, \$1,525; Lorain, \$2,500; and Piqua, \$3,440.

In the State of Indiana where the Wider Scope Campaign and Jewish Orphan Home Drive are combined, the Orphan Home will receive \$125,000 of the \$200,000 quota. Results, to date, are: Fort Wayne, \$18,000, over

the top; Marion, with a quota of \$2,500, over the top; Ligonier, \$500, over the top; Lafayette, \$4,000 of \$5,000 quota; and Gary, \$13,000 of \$18,000 quota.

In Kansas City, Mo., so far \$57,000 has been raised in the combined campaign for the Orphan Home and Wider Scope. St. Louis, with its campaign just launched, announces \$52,000 raised of a \$75,000 quota.

Other localities in the District No. 2 are planning their campaigns for early in 1928. From present indications the quota assigned to this District will be met without any difficulty.





An American Realist

By E. David Goitein

Illustrated by Vivienne Lazarus



HE WAS born in Bulgaria, became an American and lives in London. But a great man. A very great man. If he were President of the world I believe the world would be a happy place. He has a solution for all problems. A sound, practical, common-sense view of life, don't you know? No fantastic dreams and impossibilities. Brass-tacks. He is always sitting on brass-tacks. It is surprising that they do not hurt. But he is a realist and pain, after all, is only a psychological mal-adjustment. He had drowned me in a flood of words over a cup of tea. Then I said, "Palestine? Are you in favor of the Jewish return to the East?" "Palestine? What? They can have my *shekel* if they want it. But the whole thing is nonsense. I can't understand why they should make all this fuss over an arid strip of land that isn't as large as Arizona. It's nothing but droughts. You've never got any water. Yes, I know there's some sentiment attached to the old place but sentiment won't give you a roof over your head and it won't fill your. . . ."

"But surely it is possible," said I, feebly, "to do great things with enthusiasm and. . . ."

"My dear Bezalel, it's very well talkin' about enthusiasm, but when there's no coal, no iron, no tin, no oil—all the sinews o' modern life—what's the use of enthusiasm? What's the use of it? All that they can ever produce is a few olives and thick-skinned oranges and the Arabs that was there before 'em and will be there after they've gone can produce them without any Jews. Then the Arabs. The whole o' that part o' the world is swamped with Arabs. D'you think they'll tolerate a Jew population in the midst of them? Not likely. As soon as they get a chance they'll overrun

the place and there won't be a Jewish colony left after twenty-four hours. It's no use talking to me about Palestine. I used to dream. I don't dream any more. I'm a realist. I come down to brass-tacks. Brass-tacks—you understand? They can have my *shekel* if they want it—but. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

"That sounds very well," said I, getting a word in at last. "You have forgotten that with the new port of Haifa, Palestine will become the outlet of all the Near East."

"Talk to me about the East! I know the East. It's dead. It's no use going back to the East. The future lies with the West. America is the only coun'ry where a sensible Jew would go. I've just been running across your con'nent—Europe—the whole place is dead. . . . I don't doubt it's played its part in its time, but it's played out. All they can do is to cut each other's throats. They piece up Europe into a hundred little bits, all hating each other, and then each bit fights for itself. . . ."

"You are thinking of the Balkans, but the Balkans are not the whole of Europe."

"It's the same all over. France hates Germany, Poland hates Russia, Austria hates Czechoslovakia, Hungary hates Roumania. They would all be fighting each other if they had the money. Thank God they're all in debt pretty badly after their last little scrap. That's why I say Europe is dead, the East is dead—the future lies with America and if Jews want to go back to the East it means that they are either fools or helpless. I know they say they are idealists—I think he meant idealists—"but you can't build up a coun'ry on idealists. You must *work* and idealists don't work, they write poetry. These Zionist fellows tell me, when they want to get a

shekel out of me—they can have my *shekel*—that the fellows who are working the land, *halutzes* they call 'em, have all had a college training and some were goin' to be doctors. Well, what does a college boy want to waste his time pullin' up weeds and drivin' an old horse-plough for? He may do it to begin with because he's an idealist, but he'll soon get tired of it. Very soon. . . ."

I tried to breathe. I felt the flood of his eloquence overpowering me and what was adding to the difficulty was a cream cake and no spoon with which to convey it satisfactorily to the mouth. "Poor old dead Europe!" I thought. "Poor old dried-up East," I thought. "God's own country, America," I thought. And the cream cake was showing signs of revolt. At the damming-up of his floodgates, I noticed that, with the aid of knife, he managed to cover the space between the plate and his mouth—but it was too realistic. I couldn't imitate the dexterous manipulation.

"I know the East too well," he was off on another track; "I've lived among them. All Orientals are thieves. Most of them are liars. If you have a lot of Oriental Jews crowded together there'll be so many scandals that Jews the world over will have to suffer for it." (This was inverted Achad Ha'amism. It was almost funny.) "It never does to have Jews too much in the limelight. It always works out badly for 'em. I've noticed that everywhere. Even in New York. There are too many Jews there, I guess. But they are becoming Americanized. They won't do so badly. If they did not become Americanized—God help 'em, that's all."

"Everywhere," said I, "we see Jewish communities being swallowed up by their neighbors. Inter-marriage is on the increase. . . ."

"Well," he said, "if the Jews want to go to Palestine, let 'em go. I shan't prevent 'em and I shan't go with 'em. If they do get swallowed up by the Christians—weel?—what does it matter? It's history. You can't fight against history. If the Jews have had their day and they are going to disappear—so much the better for 'em. The Egyptians have gone, the old Romans have gone—why should the Jews be any different? Anyhow Palestine won't save 'em. You won't get any American Jews going to Palestine. Not if I know anything about them.

"A very great deal. Trust Samuel to talk. He was born in Bulgaria, I believe."

"That is so."

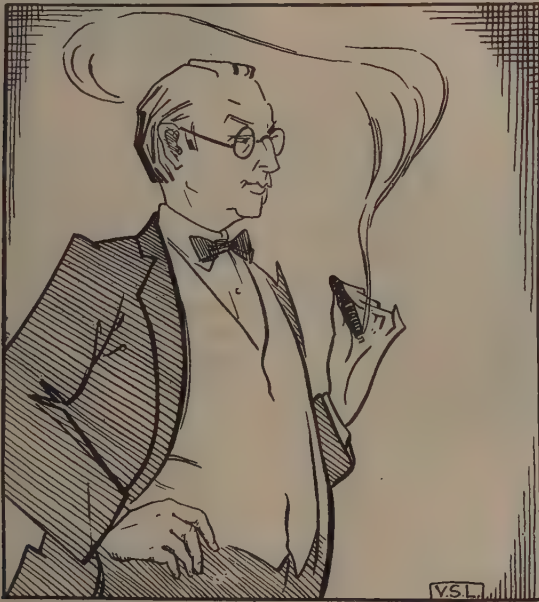
"H'm. Precisely. A thoroughly Balkan mind."

"That's hedging."

"Not at all," said Berliner airily, offering me a cigarette at the same time. "It's what you'd expect . . . from . . . from a Balkan mind with a Chicago veneer."

"That's unfair."

"Palestine . . . here's a match . . . Palestine is not a meat-packing busi-



ness. They like to see something for their money. No fool-countries for them. . . ."

The telephone bell rang. . . . He has an appointment in ten minutes' time. I must excuse him. Yes, certainly. Can he give me a lift in his Rolls? "No thanks, I am going the other way." (Which way is he going?)

"They can have my shekel if they want it. Yes. Good-bye."

We shook hands and I left. A few yards away whom should I meet but Abraham Berliner? He is a Zionist, a rabid Zionist.

I told him what my American friend had said.

"Well," said I, "what have you to say to that?"

He burst out laughing.

"Surely," I persisted, "there's a good deal in what he said?"

We shall not be able to show you half the profits of any fair-sized Chicago meat trust, I admit it. We shan't even make much of a show at mass production, Palestine is much too small. But we may be able to produce a Jew—that will be something, *nicht wahr?* Just a Jew—sans adjective. I am not sure that Palestine can do it. If she succeeds it will have been worth while—don't you think? . . ."

At that moment, my American realist stepped into his Rolls Royce. Berliner caught sight of him. "Bye-bye, old man." He left me. Called out, "I say give me a lift to Great Russell street, will you?" "Step right in." Then, to the chauffeur, "Stop outside the Zionist Organization."

The car rolled luxuriously away with the future President of the World and the Jew—sans adjective.

Starting Another Year of Exceptional Service

ASIDE from the exceptional comforts and convenience of "New York's Most Popular Hotel," each January the entire McAlpin Staff makes its regular resolutions:

To render the finest hotel service in the world—

To impress visitors to New York that the "Big City" really welcomes them—

To maintain the atmosphere of friendliness that makes each guest feel "at home" at the McAlpin.

And our creed in promise is our deed in practice—wire, write or phone your reservations.

Arthur S. Lee
Managing Director

HOTEL McALPIN
"Where the White Way Begins"
Broadway at 34th Street
New York City

In the Public Eye

Bernhard Baron

"AS A Jew it gives me great satisfaction to help Jews and Christians alike. I hope that a new link will be created in the movement for a keener realization of the brotherhood of man."



Bernhard Baron

These noble sentiments were voiced about a year ago by Bernhard Baron, beloved Jewish philanthropist of London, in connection with his giving \$250,000 to Jewish and non-Jewish institutions. Now we hear of Mr. Baron once more. This time it is because he has just celebrated his 77th birthday by donating 32,000 pounds to hospitals and other charitable institutions.

As a young man, Mr. Baron was a cigar maker in New York. And he reversed the usual order by going from that city to London to amass great wealth as a tobacco manufacturer.

Joseph Stolz

ONE that loves his fellow men. That is the way Abou Ben Adhem characterized himself in the famous poem by Leigh Hunt.



Joseph Stolz

Of Joseph Stolz it may be said in all sincerity that he is an inspiring rabbi, a profound teacher and a brilliant communal leader. But the best description of him is the one chosen by Abou Ben Adhem. Dr. Stolz is above all, "one that loves his fellow men." Also he is one beloved by his fellow men.

For forty-three years Joseph Stolz occupied the pulpit of the congregation now known as The Temple of Chicago. Recently he resigned from active duties in this connection and was elected Rabbi Emeritus.

Dr. Stolz's first congregation was in Little Rock, Arkansas. After three

years of service in that city he went to Chicago where he has lived and worked since. Rabbi Stolz was at one time a member of the Chicago School Board, and he has been an influential force in some of the leading communal enterprises of that city. Also he has served as president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

In the future, Rabbi Stolz will devote his time to literary and educational work.

* * *

Lion Feuchtwanger

KNOWN in the United States chiefly as the author of the historical novel, "Power," Lion Feuchtwanger is also a distinguished poet and dramatist.



Lion Feuchtwanger

He was born in Munich, Germany, in 1884, and early manifested literary proclivities. He studied literature and philosophy in Munich and Berlin under Erich Schmidt, Muncker and Count Hartling, who later became Prime Minister. In 1905 Feuchtwanger founded a literary society in Munich with the intention of fostering modern literature, and since then he has himself enriched modern literature with a number of stirring creations.

Feuchtwanger is the author of eleven plays, and two of these, "Vasantasena" and "Warren Hastings," have been popular hits of the stage. "The Ugly Duchess," a novel just published in this country is, like "Power," a best seller in England.

This daring writer is one among a number of Jewish creative spirits who have infused new life into German literature. He ranks with Franz Werfel, Ernst Toller, and Jacob Wasserman.

He is universal in his outlook but he feels keenly his Jewishness. Recently he declared that he is, "an international writer whose form has all been determined by German influences while his mentality is Jewish."

Feuchtwanger is expected to visit the United States soon.

Mrs. Esther M. Andrews

FOR the first time in the history of the State of Massachusetts, a woman has been named a member of the Governor's Council. She is Mrs. Esther M. Andrews of Brookline, Mass., and her new office is the highest ever held in her state by a woman.



Mrs. Esther M. Andrews

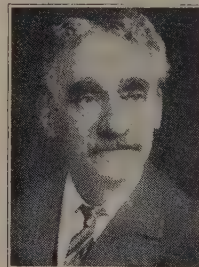
Mrs. Andrews has for a number of years been identified with civic enterprise and through her active interest in juvenile delinquency she helped pave the way for the establishment of Juvenile Courts.

This gifted and distinguished woman is a loyal Jewess, having always concerned herself with Jewish problems and having served for a period as president of the Council of Jewish Women in the Boston District.

* * *

Judge Josiah Cohen

RECENTLY Judge Josiah Cohen of Pittsburgh had a double celebration. He celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday and incidentally his re-election for a term of ten years as Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County.



Judge Josiah Cohen

Some men may think of retiring but Judge Cohen thinks only of the work ahead of him. His past is rich in notable service on the bench as well as in Jewish public life. He was one of the founders of the Hebrew Union College and has always had its interests close at heart.

Judge Cohen was formerly president of the B'nai B'rith Court of Appeals, and a member of the Central Board of Education of Pittsburgh. He is a life trustee and director of the Art Department of Carnegie Institute.

The Printed Page

The Three Pillars, by Deborah M. Melamed (Women's League, United Synagogue of America).

THE Women's League of the United Synagogue of America deserves the gratitude of every Jewish woman's organization in America for the publication of "The Three Pillars," by Deborah M. Melamed. Even the woman of the "liberal wing" of American Jewry, though she may not feel called upon to practice all of the observances described in this excellent manual, should read it avidly, if only to increase her knowledge of the customs of her own people. And the American-born Jewess, reared in strictest orthodoxy, should welcome this work, giving as it does the why and the wherefore of each observance.

"The Three Pillars" will prove of equal interest to students of Jewish ceremonial, since there is no other book in America devoted to the subject except Dr. Rosenau's excellent study. The festivals, the dietary laws, laws of marriage and of death, are treated in an admirably lucid manner. For example, the paragraphs on the *koshering* of meat may be understood by any young bride, even if ignorant of the art of cookery. Nor is this a bleak manual of the letter rather than the spirit. In the chapters on the dietary laws, as in every other section of the book, due emphasis is given to the spiritual concept lying behind each ordinance. For example, the following on the Sabbath:

"Snowy linen, sparkling silver, flowers, Sabbath garb, the welcome friend and stranger, all contribute toward making the Sabbath the climax of the week. The true spirit of the day can be caught in the home circle, and all the family ought to take part in its celebration. Every child should have some special little duty in its preparation. One cannot over-estimate the effect on the child of so simple an act as the preparing of the Sabbath lights or the setting of the table for *Shabbas*."

And there is real poetic feeling in this impression of *Kol Nidre*:

"Somehow there is magic in the words *Kol Nidre*—a serious, sobering magic. It recalls the atmosphere of hushed expectancy, the feel of the crowded synagogue, visions of white-

robed, swaying figures, the pleading tones of the suppliant cantor. Daily passions and desires recede before the world of the spirit which *Kol Nidre* conjures up."

The book, which is tastefully printed and bound, is fittingly dedicated to the memory of that sterling Jewess, Mathilde Schechter. It is a work of which we feel safe in saying her distinguished and learned husband might have approved.

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

Kitab al Khazari, by Judah Hallevi.

Translated from the Arabic, with an introduction by Hartwig Hirschfeld. Preface to new edition by Prof. Mordecai M. Kaplan. (Bernard G. Richards Co.)

THE scholarly world, particularly the world of Jewish scholarship, owes a debt to Mr. Richards for bringing out this new edition of a fine translation of a great masterpiece of Jewish thought. *Kitab al Khazari*, Judah Hallevi's epoch-making defense of Jewish Orthodoxy against Christianity, Islam and medieval philosophic thought, is a classic.

Written originally in Arabic, it was quickly translated into Hebrew, afterward into Latin, for Christian scholars, and in modern times into the various important languages. Most of its problems are not any longer timely, as is the case, generally with the thought of the Middle Ages, but its humanity, its deep piety and its clear cut treatment of ideas are still interesting; and its permanent place in the historic development of ideas is beyond challenge.

Judah Hallevi was a rare soul, one of the great spirits of the Golden Age of the Jews in medieval Spain. Among the Jews he is most popular, by virtue of his beautiful liturgical poems and his ecstatic lyrics about Palestine. He was a true believer, turning neither to the right side—the Aristotelian philosophy, nor to the left—the *Kabbala*. In other words, he was an exponent and defender of tradition, the rabbinic Orthodoxy of his day. He wrote philosophy like a poet, which is one reason for the continued popularity of his book through many generations.

Of course, he took risks in studying philosophy and trying to refute it by its own weapons. On the philosophic

side, Maimonides was a far more robust thinker and carried his ideas to far more plausible conclusions. A philosophic defense of simple faith is weak, no matter by whom or how excellently done. Maimonides, boldly daring to harmonize faith and reason, had a better chance of success on the rational side. Hallevi, trying to bolster up faith by reason, found his true success only on the side of faith.

When he was sixty years old, Hallevi left his home in Spain to see, with his own eyes, Palestine, the land he loved so well. Legend ascribes to him a tragic death within sight of the city of Jerusalem. That legend has combined with his poetry and his philosophy to make his name a symbol, one of the sacred names of Jewish history.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

The Emek, by Jessie E. Sampter. (Bloch Publishing Co., New York City.)

IT is the bitter struggle of the Jewish pioneer, at work in the rebuilding of the Holy Land, that furnishes the motif of this volume of verse. The background of Miss Sampter's word-paintings is not bright and cheerful, but, if anything, one of dark despair. For it is of hunger and death, toil and hardship, fever and loneliness, tragedy and sorrow that she sings. The author has firmly barred the door against all slushy sentimentality; you will find no mawkish balladry in "The Emek."

This collection of poems is not mere Zionistic propaganda, but art of a rather fair quality. It is a valuable record of the new life which has taken root in Palestine during these last years—a simple, yet utterly moving, document. But Miss Sampter does not grow lyrically enthusiastic over her subject. Life with the men and women of the new Palestine, she realizes, is a serious business; ever in contact with the sterner realities, these people can cherish no romantic illusions. The impression left by the book, however, is not entirely one of gloom and disillusion, for running through the poems may be detected a positive note of hopefulness.

Reading the poems, you feel that their author has penetrated to the very heart of life in the new Palestine.

RALPH HABAS.

Leon Kobrin

By Sarah Goldberg



ALL readers of Yiddish in America know Leon Kobrin. They have at one time or other read his poignant sketches and stories. They have enjoyed his intriguing novels of life in the American ghettos. And they have seen many of his plays performed on the Yiddish stage.

The older generation know him as one of the pioneers in American Yiddish literary movements. Back in the nineties, when Yiddish literature in America was still in its infancy, he wrote in its best journals, sponsored all efforts that tended to raise the standards of Yiddish journalism in the United States, and in his own writing proved that in Yiddish, too, one can employ a modern, realistic style.

Kobrin did much in those early years to raise the Yiddish stage from its burlesque and vaudeville standards. He wrote plays that were realistic, sane, and logical in treatment. And he was one of the few, enthusiastically-minded men who, a quarter of a century ago, attempted and, in a measure, succeeded in establishing an art theatre where only the best plays, both foreign and native, were produced.

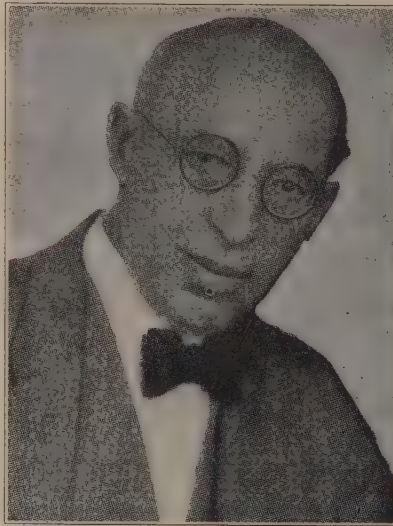
But Leon Kobrin is best known and liked for his entertaining novels. In them he has mirrored the tragi-comic life of the immigrant and half assimilated Jews in America. The vast New York ghetto teeming with life, the gloomy and unromantic, has always been piquant and colorful. And to him the tenements, with their innumerable dusty windows and grey, smoky walls, were symbolic of the life that pulsed within. He saw romance and mystery there, too. The results were absorbing novels which the immigrant greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

In Kobrin's stories, the immigrant saw his own life with its dreams and disappointments elucidated and brightened. He read of the people he knew, of frustrations he had witnessed, of experiences he understood. And he enjoyed the clear, simple style in which these were written. What a relief from the saccharine, impossible romantic novels then current.

So the immigrant read and still reads and asks for more. And Leon Kobrin continues to weave novels. His

store of tales is inexhaustible. He is still popular and beloved by his readers. And his books continue to be best sellers.

To the immigrant, life in America, though freer and easier than in the old home, was more confusing and burdened with problems that were not easily solved. And very often Kobrin presented in his novels these problems and maladjustments. Since he chose to be primarily a realist, he did not attempt to answer the questions of his harassed, unhappy char-



Leon Kobrin

acters. He portrayed what he saw and what he felt were the inner truths. His novel, "The Immigrants," written in 1909, can be taken as an example of this phase of his writing.

Boris Ettenberg cries out loudly against his fate. To have been reduced from a successful, wealthy, respected merchant of Kiev to a mere laborer in a tobacco factory in Ghetto New York is not only abominable but entirely senseless. He hates this free America with its equality for all, in which pariahs are kings and kings pariahs. He will not accept the fact that here his former employees are of the rich and respected class while he, Boris Ettenberg, is forced down to the very rung of the ladder. Boris Ettenberg is working in a factory, unknown, neglected, living in a miserable little flat; his aristocratic wife, Anuta, as-

suming the position of cook and servant in the home; his beautiful daughter, Luba, working in the factory owned by his former errand boy. What irony and degradation!

Boris Ettenberg determines to war with his fate. He will prove to the cruel, senseless system of this free America that it cannot keep him down. And once he reaches the top, he will live in a social and spiritual isolation becoming to his former state. He will shun his countrymen who, though powerful now, were once his inferiors. He will not and cannot accept the spirit of equality and comradeship that this alien country preaches.

But Boris Ettenberg is no longer young. He no longer possesses the brawn, the youthful persistence and utter disregard of fate that in this new and young country make possible the success he craves for. Besides, he is too bitter, too impatient. He remains in the rut. And only his young daughter can rescue him from the bitterness that is in his soul, from the new life that has proved too grim.

Luba marries Mr. Macnack who was once her father's errand boy and now in the new land has reached the very top. Though Macnack has completely assimilated the philosophy of freedom and equality that is American, he has not entirely freed himself from the conceptions of the old home. In the presence of Luba and her father, Boris Ettenberg, Macnack is respectful, lowly, not at all the rich, powerful employer. He feels it an honor to marry his employee. He willingly accepts the penniless, arrogant Boris Ettenberg as his business partner.

And thus does Boris Ettenberg escape out of what he calls the mire. Once more, he has some of his former power, wealth and standing in society, though it be one that he disparages.

"The Immigrants" is grim and gloomy. There are few love scenes or joyous moments in the book. Though Luba marries well and her father is saved from the shop, the ending is sad and disquieting. Leon Kobrin is chiefly a realist who chooses to be faithful to facts and conditions. And there was little color or happiness in the life of the immigrants some twenty years ago.

Another novel of Jewish life in America, "Oreh die Bord," is more psychological and analytical. It, too, is a study of the life and manners of the Jewish immigrants. The associates of Oreh Chirig, as well as the urchins of the streets, call him "Oreh die Bord." He is a humble peddler, almost contentedly carries his heavy pack on his back and goes slowly and peacefully from house to house selling his wares. He is an honest, religious fellow who is at peace with himself and his world, never dreaming of a richer or more pretentious existence.

Suddenly, unwittingly, scarcely knowing how or wherefore, he becomes very rich and his static, humble little world is turned topsy turvy. Oreh hardly knows how it happened. Frightened and doubting, he had invested in real estate the few hundred dollars that included the savings of more than half a life time of hard work. The wealth and position that flows in upon him are incomprehensible to Oreh.

His riches do not spoil him. He remains the same humble, timid Oreh. Only he is a little happier. His wealth enables him to marry off his daughter to a physician—a fact that awes him. He, "Oreh die Bord," a simple, ignorant man, the father-in-law of a doctor. Oreh considers that an undeserved fortune. His money also enables him to assist a poor married daughter, to live in comfort and ease himself and to aid others who are not as fortunate as he. Oreh hardly hopes for or dreams of anything more glorious.

He is a widower and at times he has prayed more devoutly because of the thoughts that would come to him and the longings that could not be stilled for the young, beautiful Rachel, who boarded at his home. And when she comes to him and tells him that she would gladly marry him, Oreh is overjoyed. His intense happiness frightens and almost stupefies him. He surrounds Rachel with luxury and pleasures and is as happy and as enthusiastic as a young man in love.

In his simplicity and credulity, Oreh does not question the real reason for Rachel's desire to marry him or her attitude towards Sam Bloom, a handsome and thoroughly worthless young man. The story ends with the marriage scene. In the midst of the splendor of his luxurious home, beside his beau-

tiful, young wife, Oreh, grey, bent, old, is overcome with happiness, with the feeling that somehow it is all only a fairy story. And Rachel, looking at Sam, the man she really loves, quivers with fear and apprehension.

Tho the ending is apparently happy, a cloud of impending misfortune, of gloom hovers over the three. And Kobrin the artist, chooses to let this be the ending of his romance.

"Oreh die Bord" is one of Kobrin's clearest and most artistically created characters. There is much pathos in this simple, ignorant, unpretentious middle-aged Jew suddenly surrounded by wealth and prestige.

There is much poetry in "The Tene-



ment House," in spite of the extreme realism in which the author clothes it. Kobrin could not help but hear the music of the crazy, dark tenements—the drama of human life they enclose within themselves. In one of his finest descriptions, the author makes us feel the spirit, the soul of these tenement houses that entrap so many, so many who are strangers to one another and often to themselves. And having saturated us with the moods, the odors, the cacaphones of the tenements, Kobrin opens for us several of the dark, heavy doors to the little compartments of the big houses, and lets us see how life goes on in there.

Behind "Door Number One" live the old couple Gitel and Moishe. Old Gitel sitting in the shadows of the flickering gas light waits for her husband. She listens carefully to the footfalls on the stairs outside her door. Some steps are soft and quick, others slow and measured; some are accompanied by laughter and song, others by sighs and coughs. Out of

these, she soon recognizes her husband's steps, slow—neither happy nor sad—slow, heavy leaden.

Old Moishe comes in. He is the watchman in his son's factory. The old couple are not in want but their hearts are heavy within them. And there is sorrow in their souls. For they are lonely and forsaken. Their rich and completely Americanized children are strangers to them. They neither want nor need them. So the old folks are sad and unhappy. Moishe has just told his wife that their granddaughter has given birth to a child. Gitel is torn with longing and anxiety for her children. How happy she would be to be allowed to fondle the pink, soft little being and its mother who is still a child herself. But the old-fashioned, foreign grandparents are not wanted. The old couple sit in the shadow, the gas light throws over them, sit and sigh and yearn.

And behind "Door Number Two" there lives the beautiful, young Freidel whose happiness brightens, and cheers and warms the little flat with all of its poor, worry-laden inhabitants. Max, young, handsome, clever, loves Freidel. And so who can be as joyous, as happy as Freidel? Even her tired, fretful parents grow young and carefree, seeing the happiness that is their

daughter's. Sweet, long forgotten memories are awakened once more in her married sister as she watches Freidel and Max. Even the mischievous, little brother is awed by the happiness that radiates from the young girl.

But the gladness of Freidel only makes Broche, the red haired old maid, ever more gloomy and lonely. And the loneliness and longing that envelop her, make Broche bitter and finally cause her to enter and see another phase of life that is concealed by the door of apartment number three.

Behind "Door Number Three" there is a life of sensuality, of loud laughter, and sometimes of stifled cries. And Broche torn with desire, with love for the lively, handsome Bennie, the owner of the establishment, is only for a moment uncertain of herself. Then she chooses death rather than a life of shame into which her love will force her.

Kobrin's "A Lithuanian Village," is a literary gem and is the author's best gift to Yiddish literature. "A Lithuan-

ian Village" is Kobrin's confession of love for the old home, for the people and the life there and for the poetry of it. It is a panegyric, similar in theme to Sholom Asch's classic, "A Shtetle." But the two novels differ in mood and construction as much as do their authors.

"Somewhere in Lithuania, there once nestled the little village of B.," the author begins. And he proceeds to tell us how the several hundred Jews lived in the little village of green fields, rivulets and tumble-down houses. The old fashioned Polish church stood in the center of the market place with the ding dong of its bells that appeared ominous to the troubled Jews. Especially in the late autumn, with its cold, unfriendly winds, and stormy skies, did the peal of the church bells sound foreboding. But on summer days, the ding dong of the Polish church bells was friendly and soothing. For how could it be otherwise, when the whole world is bedecked with green, when the sky, the trees, the leaves vie with each other in color and beauty?

All Sabbaths to the Jews of the Lithuanian village of B. were beautiful and cleansed them of petty worries and fears. Hurrying and scurrying were forgotten on this day of peace and hopefulness. And the summer Sabbaths were particularly beautiful, for clear summer days are so akin to the spirit of Sabbath.

Only too quickly does summer in the village of B. pass. Soon nature, too, ever in tune with the pulse of the few hundred poor Jews, begins to feel the approaching days of penitence. The leaves on the trees and the stubbled meadows feel the spirit of fear, of awe and of penitence that has descended upon old and young. And the trees and flowers, like the people, sigh, bend their heads, and are apprehensive. Finally the Day of Atonement arrives when the winds unite with the wailing of the people in the synagogue; the sun is darkened and fears to show its splendor.

There is a moment of respite before autumn and winter invade the little village of B. There is a time when the village resounds with laughter, when the old and the worry-laden are as children, when even the winds forget that they are there to herald the coming cold, gloomy days. And that

is the day of the Rejoicing of the Law, a day when there is dance and song in the synagogue, when even "Sholom the Gentile" forgets his social standing and insists that he has a right to dance with the Holy Scrolls.

Then autumn descends upon the village. The sky is grey and weary. The streets are submerged in mire and from the woods come the moaning of autumn winds. The bells of the old Polish church now toll mournfully, menacingly. At last the peaceful, silvery snow covers the village.

But there is no peace in the market place. There is no peace in the hearts of the poor Jews of the little village of B. For there is too much poverty. There are bitter struggles against

even Jews are given full rights. A land where everything of the best can be had for the asking, where there is no starvation, or poverty, or fear for the morrow.

Little by little the Jews of the village of B. desert it for the glowing, hope-inspiring America.

As the years pass, the village wanes. Were it not for a few old men and women who have remained loyal, it would be completely dead. The market place is empty, the shops are closed. Even the ding dong of the bells of the Polish church in the center of the deserted square seem to cry out, "America, Ameri-ca."

Everyone who has read American Yiddish literature knows "Yankel Baileh." He is one of Kobrin's best known characters. The story by the same name was written some thirty years ago, when the author was young and unknown. It brought him immediate recognition from Yiddish critics both here and abroad. Being a capable playwright, Kobrin made an excellent dramatization of the story. And the play, "Yankel Baileh," became one of the popular and beloved pieces on the Yiddish stage. It is still included in the repertoire of the Yiddish Art theatres.

"Yankel Baileh" is a study in fear, the play of superstition upon a simple, ignorant fellow. In spite of

his religious tutors, the entreaties and threats of his parents, Yankel is alien to the religion of his fathers. The buoyancy, the laughter, the songs and the dancing of the peasants strongly appeal to him. Their religion, too, is freer, less exacting. And in psychology and mood, he feels nearest to his peasant companions.

Yankel has become one of them and can rival the best of his cronies in intricate dance steps and in lively songs. He even speaks Yiddish with the accent and enunciation of the peasant. Often, when frightened or awed, Yankel has had to curb a strong desire to "cross" himself.

The death of his father has a peculiar, sobering effect upon Yankel. He shudders when he remembers the darkened chamber, the chants and cries of his strange, old, dying father. He does not understand what it was that the old man begged of him on that terrible night, but when he recalls

(Continued on Page 113)



starvation that are not always successful.

Suddenly spring appears. And as if to celebrate the abdication of the winds and snows, the village prepares for its annual fair. There is excitement, laughter and frivolity. The sleepy, little village resounds with noise, with the hubbub of voices, of people and of animals. It is a time of abandon, of hope, of prosperity.

At last God has heeded the fervent prayers of red-haired Leah, daughter of Mirke, the fierce woman of the market place who battles primitively with her competitors for a prospective customer. The fair has brought Leah luck; it has given her a sweetheart. The happy day comes when she marries and leaves with her husband for his home in a nearby village.

It is through the red-haired Leah and her husband that the little Lithuanian village of B. first hears of America, of that golden land where

The First Ben B'rith in Palestine

By Harold Berman



IN 1868 a world-wide sensation was created by the publication at Leipzig, of a strange volume bearing the title, "*Die Juddische Familien Papiere*." It purported to relate, in the epistolary style in vogue at that time, the story of a Jewish orphan who, adopted by a Christian and reared in the Christian Church, had returned to his native town for the purpose of converting the inhabitants, but who in turn was re-converted to Judaism. The book, remarkable both for the lucidity of its style and for its boldness in the treatment of a question so delicate as the relative ethical merits of two faiths, attracted no little attention among leading scholars and thinkers. Critics compared it to Mendelssohn's "*Jerusalem*," to Maimonides' works and to the writings of other philosophic luminaries. At the same time they were baffled by the authorship of the book. The name Gustav Meinhardt, under which the volume was published, was known to be a pseudonym. Who was the mysterious writer who had sprung full-blown to fame almost overnight?

After keeping the literary world in suspense for a while, the author himself answered the question. Wilhelm Hertzberg was the man. He was a German teacher and journalist, and was unknown beyond a limited circle of readers.

A Fascinating Story

The story of Wilhelm Hertzberg is fascinating. Romance and reality, poetry and hard facts, were fused in his life, and combined to make of his career one of the most dramatic chapters in modern Jewish history.

Hertzberg was born January 27, 1827, at Stettin, Germany. Little is known of his early life. We hear more of him after he had received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Halle, and studied law at a French University. With the completion of his education, he became a teacher in his native Stettin. He held this position only one year, for his Jewish ancestry militated against his retention in the state service. Until then, Hertzberg had never given serious thought to his Jewishness. Like many another man of that period who suffered for his Judaism, Hertzberg had permitted his religious consciousness to become exceedingly tenuous and weak. But suddenly he was made deeply aware of his heritage when

the Ministry of Education offered him a choice between conversion and the relinquishment of his post. And, after a feverish inward struggle, Hertzberg chose the second alternative.

This bitter experience set up in his mind a trend of thought that had a lasting effect upon him. He had been dismissed from his post—he had been deprived of his livelihood, and his chosen life-work was rudely interrupted because of his birth. He had been brutally dealt with in the name of the Religion of Love, a religion that preaches charity and forbearance.

The result of this brooding was "*Die Juddische Familien Papiere*."* It was couched in rich poetic diction, yet is as merciless an indictment of Christianity and its ethics, and as powerful a defense of Jewish teachings as had ever been penned.

These dialectic exercises in the field of religion may appear a trifle passe to us in present-day America, or in any West-European country. But we must remember that the book made its appearance in monarchical Germany where the religion of a man played an important role in his life, in the making or unmaking of his career, and where a few drops of baptismal water aided greatly in washing away not only his personal sins, but also those of his ancestors even unto Abraham.

Following his experience with the German Public School system, Hertzberg for a number of years devoted himself to journalism, writing for German, English and French periodicals.

In 1872, the *Alliance Israelite Universelle*, which had been organized during the previous decade as a result of the terrible Damascus Affair of 1860, offered Hertzberg the Directorship of its Agricultural School in the *Mikveh Israel* Colony, in Palestine. The position was not without its hardships for a man who had been born and reared in Germany, and had lived in France, England and other European countries. Hertzberg was a product of the refinements and many of the indulgences of modern civilization, and had lived *en rapport* with all the intellectual and political currents of the times. And Palestine—poor, pitiful Palestine of the seventies—what had she to offer, except an atmosphere of sanctity, of poetic memories, of dreams? Hertz-

berg went forth to dwell in the land of his fathers.

His stay at *Mikveh Israel* was brief. After a year, he was offered the directorship of the newly-founded German-Jewish orphanage at Jerusalem. He accepted it, prepared to remain in Palestine indefinitely, though by this time, he had been made fully aware of the difficulties of his new environment. The Jewish nationalist movement had not yet been born. Colonization was not to begin until a decade later. The Jewish inhabitants of the land were of the old school of settlers—pious men who had gone to Palestine to live on doles, to pray, to die and to be buried in the holy ground. There were no tillers of the soil, few craftsmen, and a still fewer number of persons who had received even the rudiments of a modern education. But there was a full measure of narrow-minded bigots who would be ready to persecute unto death the foreign *goy* who fell much short of their own one-hundred-percent orthodoxy.

Attacked by Fanatics

In such a milieu, Hertzberg, a man of the finest European cultivation, was content to dwell, stifling his own sensibilities for the sake of the good that he might do for others. Brickbats and sling-shots were his portion. From all sides he was attacked by the fanatics who disapproved of his civilized work. But he persisted courageously during the twenty years of his residence in Palestine.

His efforts brought into existence the first B'nai B'rith lodge in Palestine. He organized it in Jerusalem, gathering to its membership the few men of the city who were distinguished in the domains of education and literature. B'nai B'rith has spread considerably in Palestine since Hertzberg's day, but he may be accounted the initiator of the movement in that country.

In 1891, his health failing, Hertzberg relinquished his post and returned to Europe. He settled at Brussels and resumed his journalistic and literary work. During the ensuing years he travelled in many countries, including the United States.

Early in April, 1897, this man of many moods and strange fancies, this dreamer of practical dreams, died at Brussels in his seventieth year.

*English title, "The Letters of a Missionary"; translated by Dr. Frederick De Sola Mendes; issued by the American Jewish Publication Society, 1875.

Lee Simonson, Master Scenic Artist

By Heyman Zimel



OF RECENT years the scenic artist in the theatre has steadily risen in importance. I think it was with the advent of realism in the theatre that the tendency to stress the significance of the setting became pronounced. The invention of the incan-



descent lamp cut off the apron from most stages and made the edge of the stage parallel with the proscenium arch. Thence arose the conception of the stage as a room with the fourth wall removed. In realistic plays, the stage setting was, obviously, of prime importance. The illusion of reality could best be produced through a faithfully pictorial representation of the scene to be depicted.

But the artist in the theatre was not content to have the scenery merely a minor element. He began to doubt the efficacy of static reproduction of reality. He wished to make the stage setting a vital factor of the play. And he experimented. It is a fact that the scenic artists in the theatre have always been more advanced than the playwrights. For example, they adopted the expressionistic technique—and more recently the post-expressionism of Matisse and Picasso—to their ends long before there were any expressionistic plays.

Lee Simonson is one scenic artist who is cognizant of the tremendous importance of having felicitous stage settings. His task is to produce a setting

which will follow the shifting moods of the drama, succeed in catching the appropriate atmosphere of the play, maintain a necessary amount of realism, and still not overshadow the text of the play itself. Mr. Simonson, for one, has shown himself quite capable of the job. As scenewright for almost all of the Theatre Guild productions he has proved himself one of the most advanced and most efficient of scene painters in America, indeed—with the possible exceptions of Robert Edmond Jones and Norman Bel-Geddes—the greatest scenic artist in this country.

Mr. Simonson was born in New York in 1888. He received most of his early education at the Ethical Culture School and matriculated at Harvard. When he was graduated, *magna cum laude*, in 1908, he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and was awarded the annual Bowdoin Prize for an essay on the dramatic theories of Aristotle as expounded in the *Poetics*. His interests at Harvard were literary rather than artistic. While an under-graduate, he was considered one of the finest writers of prose who ever attended Harvard. Naturally, he took the famous "47 Workshop" course of Professor Baker, and also had as teachers and friends, George Santayana and Charles Towns-

end Copeland. Indeed, Mr. Simonson's recently published book—"Minor Prophesies"—is dedicated to "Copey."

After receiving his degree, Mr. Simonson went to Paris with the intention of painting murals. He studied for a time at the Academy Julian and later with Gertrude Stein, the modernistic writer and painter. Perhaps it was this which made him change his mind about painting murals.

When he returned to America he wrote art criticisms for a while for the *New Republic* and for the now defunct *Seven Arts*. Then, in 1912, he began to design the settings for the Washington Square Players. Since then the theatre has been his major interest. From 1912 until 1916 he was with the Washington Square Players, setting the scenes for nearly all of their plays. Then came the war and, like most people engaged in artistic or literary pursuits, he marked time. In 1919, together with Lawrence Langner, Philip Moeller, and Theresa Helburn—all of whom had been associated with him in the Washington Square Plays—he formed the Theatre Guild, with the members of the Washington Square Players as a nucleus. Since 1919 he has been one of the directors of the Theatre Guild



and, with very few exceptions, has designed all of their productions and directed a few on his own account for good measure.

Knows All European Innovations

Lee Simonson has absorbed all the theoretical and practical knowledge of European scenewrights and has added a few good licks of his own. He knows intimately all the latest innovations in European stagecraft, and utilizes or rejects them as he thinks best. He himself has introduced into America various new systems of lighting which he has come upon in his study of European stage technique. For example, he was the first man in America to make use of the now popular lantern invented by Linnebach.

By means of this ingenious, yet simple, method very little actual setting is necessary on the stage. The light serves as the setting. Through a dome in the theatre upon which are painted the designs necessary to be thrown upon the stage, the light is projected by means of a lantern containing an arc light but no lenses. This device is now in general use, but Simonson was the first one to bring it into America. He used it first in the Garden of Eden scene in Shaw's "Back to Methusaleh."

It was Simonson, too, who first struck upon a simple and yet very effective method of indicating distance upon the stage. In Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom" there is a scene under a bridge. In Simonson's setting, he used a backdrop painted with towers and domes visible to the audience only through the arch of the bridge. The arch effect, aided by the dimness of the stage, gave the illusion of buildings at a great distance away.

Simplicity First Requirement

Simonson's first requirement is simplicity and economy. It is possible, and commendable, of course, to set plays upon the large scale of a Reinhardt and build, for example, a huge cathedral in the theatre, but for most purposes scenes must be arranged with as few touches as possible, in order—if for nothing else—to cut down expenses. Simonson's experience in the theatre has taught him the value of simplicity, and he is a master at getting a maximum of effect from a minimum of means. An arrangement in light and dark or an ingenious use of shadows is often sufficient for his purposes, and in many cases, such simple sets of his are more effective than a most naturalistic reproduction.

To Simonson the setting is not merely a background for the dialogue of a play. It is a vital part of the ensemble. His settings are designed to symbolize the basic atmosphere of a play, and where emotions change, he arranges for his setting to shift accordingly. His ingenuity is enormous, and often his settings are more daring than the playwright dared to imagine. In George Kaiser's expressionistic play "From Morn to Midnight," the author's directions require that a flurry of snow on the stage falling in front of a tree give the tree the appearance of a ghost. Simonson, by the use of the Linnbach lantern, actually made the tree change to a ghost before the eyes of the audience, producing a result as effective as it was gruesome.

But, while symbolizing the moods of the play, Simonson's settings never overshadow the play itself. Under his directions the settings quite naturally become an essential and integral component of the entire synthesis of text, acting, direction, and setting, which make up a play.

Expressionistic at Times

Simonson at times is expressionistic in his technique, as is befitting such plays as "From Morn to Midnight," or Ernst Toller's "Masse-Mensch," or Franz Werfel's "The Goat Song." At times he makes use of the two levels of the stage originated by Jaques Coupeau. He can be grimly naturalistic when he desires, as in his settings for Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" or David Pinski's "The Treasure." But in his expressionistic settings he is never too far removed from reality, and his realistic settings are always imbued with an imaginative deftness which keep them from degenerating into mere photographic reproductions.

Though Simonson already stands at the peak of his profession, it would be foolish to suppose that he will be content to rest on his laurels. Each succeeding performance shows an increased efficiency and beauty. He is a profound student of the art of the theatre and is ever in touch with all the new movements. It is such as he who are keeping American stagecraft from being far behind the stage of Europe. We can look forward to many more of his apt and beautiful settings. When better settings are built, Simonson will build them.

Leon Kobrin

(Continued from Page 110)

the dying voice, Yankel turns pale with fear.

He determines to break with his former associates, to act and live like the other Jews of the village. He becomes a fisherman and for a time even stops visiting the taverns. He prays dutifully morning and evening and even tries to feel the solemnity of the words he repeats—with difficulty.

But his thoughts are with the peasant girl, Natasha, whom he dearly loves. Nor has he been able to forget the song and dance of the inn. The more passionately he loves the peasant girl, the more Yankel thinks of his father and his dying request. And Yankel prays hard and says *Kaddish* fervently, but he cannot still his desire for Natasha.

A rumor spreads in the village that Yankel is to be baptized in order that he may marry Natasha. His uncle, Nachum, his father's brother, comes to Yankel and tells him of a dream he has had in which Yankel's father appears. The ghost of the old man has no peace, no rest, because of the sins of his son. And if Yankel marries the peasant girl his father's soul will forever suffer.

Yankel is frightened. He believes literally what his uncle has told him.

One morning, after a meeting with Natasha, he sets out with his nets on the lake. His mind is feverish. He has just been with her, has kissed her and made promises to her. And he has just prayed and made promises to his dead father. It seems to the harassed Yankel that he hears his father's voice calling to him, pleading, threatening. The ghost of his father is surrounding him, beating him. In panic, Yankel throws himself into the lake to escape the fear in his soul.

Most of the action takes place in the fisherman's hut on the shore of the lake. The cheerfulness of the hut, the joviality of the fishermen, the rays of sunlight coming through the windows and the youth, the carefree attitude of Natasha, form a strong contrast to the fright and struggle Yankel is experiencing.

As a staff contributor to the Yiddish daily, "The Day," Leon Kobrin continues to write moving novels and stories. He has a large following of appreciative readers.

New Forces Join Wider Scope Enterprise



THE opening of the year 1928 finds the B'nai B'rith busily engaged in the various phases of Wider Scope activity. Not only is there a concerted effort to finish the fund raising all over the country, but also the cultural and social service work of the Wider Scope Committee is being conducted on a constantly expanding scale.

At the recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge, members of the committee living in Districts which have not yet completed their respective Wider Scope campaigns promised that this work would be completed as early in the year as possible. In view of the fact that some Districts have finished the task of fund raising, it is felt that this should and can be done in all Districts before long.

An outstanding B'nai B'rith enterprise of the year which is now opening will undoubtedly be the Wider Scope Campaign in New York City. This campaign is expected to make it possible for District No. 1 to join the other Districts in supplying means for carrying through the comprehensive cultural and social service endeavors that have been scheduled. Additional men of prominence and wide influence joined the New York Committee in the last few weeks, thus adding to the assurance that the drive in that city will be successfully terminated. The new members are: Harry I. Arrow, Harold Riegelman, Aaron Sapiro and Roger W. Straus.

One of the best records in the Wider Scope Drive was made in Kansas City, Mo. This city responded with almost 1,100 individual subscriptions. A remarkable sidelight of the campaign was the fact that it was carried through to a successful close by the devoted members of Kansas City Lodge, with but little help from the outside. The work was done by persons of moderate means and practically the entire amount subscribed came from people of the same class.

Brothers Ben M. Achtenberg and

Phil Schier were the inspiring leaders. They with their faithful helpers carried on the undertaking for about three weeks. It was a combined campaign for the Jewish Orphan Home and the Wider Scope, and, though the bulk of the burden was borne by local enthusiasts, nevertheless it is true that the visit of Brothers Fred Lazarus, Jr., Edward J. Schanfarber and Michael Sharlitt helped greatly.

In Kansas the Campaign is now in progress. Brother Achtenberg's visit to Hutchinson brought in contributions totalling more than \$1,000. This is remarkable in view of the fact that there are only eleven Jewish families in that city.

Kentucky still has four communities in which funds are to be raised.

In Ohio fewer than half a dozen localities have still to raise their quotas.

When this is done, District No. 2 will have completed its work with probably one hundred per cent of its communities having fulfilled expectations and the entire quota reached. Such is the prediction of District Chairman, Emil Mayer.

* * *

From District No. 4 comes the news that San Francisco has subscribed its quota one hundred per cent as a result of the combined Chest Drive. Seattle, under the chairmanship of Brother Otto S. Grunbaum, over-subscribed its quota. Many communities in the District make contributions from their Federation funds in addition to the individual subscriptions.

The extended trip through the entire district, by Brother Richard E. Gutstadt, has convinced him that the Wider Scope Campaign will be successful in every community of District No. 4.

* * *

Brother Henry A. Alexander, chairman for District No. 5, while in Cincinnati, assured the national office that organizations in the various communities in his District are being formed and that every effort will be made to complete the quotas accepted by the District. He promised to give much of his time to this work.

As we go to press we learn with regret the sad news of the death of Brother Marcus W. Jacobi of Wilmington, N. C. His likeness appears with that of the other leaders of the Wider Scope in District No. 5, where he was one of the most devoted and active workers.

* * *

District No. 6 is especially proud of the fact that Brother Adolph Freund, one of the oldest members of our Order and Past President of the District, is helping in the Detroit campaign. Although 81 years of age he is setting a pace for many of the younger men in his efforts in behalf of the Wider Scope.

* * *

There is great activity in District No. 7 and much determination to more than meet the quota for the Wider Scope. Communal leaders all over the District feel that the work undertaken by the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee deserves the support of every Jew in the South. Because of the scattered Jewish population every effort will be made to give even Jews in outlying rural sections a chance to contribute to this fund for work, which in turn will be of great help, culturally and spiritually, to the Jews in the small communities.

Every community having willingly taken on its share of the work in this great enterprise, an early and successful completion of the Wider Scope campaign is now anticipated.

This being so, all thoughts are turning to the matter of collecting the subscriptions. The enthusiasm must be kept up and all the promises must be redeemed. Admirable devotion has been manifested in all parts of the country in carrying on this campaign. Both members of the Order and non-members have given freely of their time and energy in this concerted effort to make possible the realization of the Wider Scope program. And because our workers everywhere are determined that none of this effort shall be wasted, they are now setting themselves to the task of bringing in the cash. The zeal that brought them success in the other phases of the campaign is certain to crown this final phase also with success.

B'NAI B'RITH WIDER SCOPE CAMPAIGN

A few of the leaders of District No. 5



The National Headquarters of the Wider Scope Committee, 40 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, is open to receive individual donations. This appeal is not limited to members. The Cause of the Wider Scope Committee concerns itself with every family, every community in American Jewry. The results of the work of the Wider Scope Committee are seen in the revival of Jewish ceremonies in the home and in the creation of youthful Jewish leaders through the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations at universities and the Aleph Zadik Aleph, the Junior Order of B'nai B'rith.

News of the Lodges



Louis M. Steinberg Mrs. Lena Steinberg

ACTING in the best spirit of our Order and of the Jewish people as a whole, Louis M. Steinberg of St. Louis, Mo., recently gave a handsome gift to the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital of Hot Springs, Ark. On the occasion of the seventy-fifth birthday of his mother, Mrs. Lena Steinberg, he contributed \$15,000 to this worthy institution, dedicated to the relief of human suffering.

Louis M. is a brother of Mark C. Steinberg, also a member of our Order in St. Louis, who not long ago enriched the extension fund of the St. Louis Y. M. H. A. with a contribution of \$100,000. All of which proves that the Steinbergs are brothers in spirit as well as by blood.

The \$15,000 contribution by Mr. Steinberg, added to the subvention recently voted the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital by the Constitution Grand Lodge Executive Committee of our Order, will make it possible to erect a much needed clinic building for this institution which is non-sectarian and devoted exclusively to patients who are unable to pay.

* * *

AMERICANIZATION work with a direct, personal touch that is most desirable is being done by the B'nai B'rith of Denver. The committee selected for this purpose consists of Samuel J. Frazin, Harry M. Kaufman, Max Miller, Samuel M. Goldberg and Philip Rossman, who is chairman. People of all nationalities, races and religions are eligible for the service which this committee renders.

* * *

B'NAI B'RITH of Portland, Oregon, love good music and they don't have to go outside of their lodge to hear it. The B'nai B'rith Orchestra and Choral Society of that city is now in the second year of its existence. Opening the present season with an

admirably executed program by its young people's orchestra, the society won the unreserved praise of the community and the local press. Following this good start, means were worked out whereby to perpetuate both the orchestra and the glee club, conducted under the auspices of this unique and praiseworthy society.

* * *

MAURICE HIRSCH, president of District Grand Lodge No. 7, speaking at the B'nai B'rith Day festivities in Mobile, Ala., branded as a lie the assertion that the Jewish people cannot flourish without persecution. He drew an analogy between the advance of science and the flowering out of such work as that done by the B'nai B'rith. Mayor Leon Schwarz, himself a loyal Ben B'rith, introduced the speaker.



B'nai B'rith Messenger.

A group of B'nai B'rith leaders and distinguished citizens of Los Angeles gave a luncheon in honor of Grand President Z. Swett of District No. 4 when he recently visited that city.

VERY appropriately, December 18th, the first day of Chanukah, was celebrated as A. Z. A. Day throughout the country. Meetings, entertainments, celebrations—all in one way or another bringing out the significance of this junior order—were carried through in numerous communities, large and small. Several new chapters were organized and new members were taken into existing chapters.

* * *

SOME time ago, Bro. Leo Meltzer of Seattle presented his lodge with a unique gift. This is in the form of a wood plaque of the ten commandments carved by the donor himself in hard maple. The tablet is three inches thick, thirty-six inches long and twenty-two inches wide.

A WIDE-AWAKE upstanding man, a devoted Ben B'rith, a loyal Jew is William Sultan of Chicago. He gives freely of his time and thought, money and energy to worthy public enterprises. He is the kind of fellow who, by virtue of his genuine friendliness and courage, makes optimists of the people with whom he works. Hence it is a pleasure to hear of him being honored. And those who know Bro. William Sultan had that pleasure recently; for not long ago he was elected president of the Chicago Furniture Manufacturers' Association.

Bro. Sultan, who is a member of the General Committee and the Administrative Board of District Grand Lodge No. 6, was given a testimonial dinner by his Chicago friends in celebration of his being chosen to the presidency of this important industrial association.

* * *

JORDON Lodge No. 15 of New York City celebrated its 75th anniversary on Thursday evening, November 17th. There were apropos and entertaining speeches and a rich and varied musical program. The spirit of the occasion filled the air and the hearts of all those present.

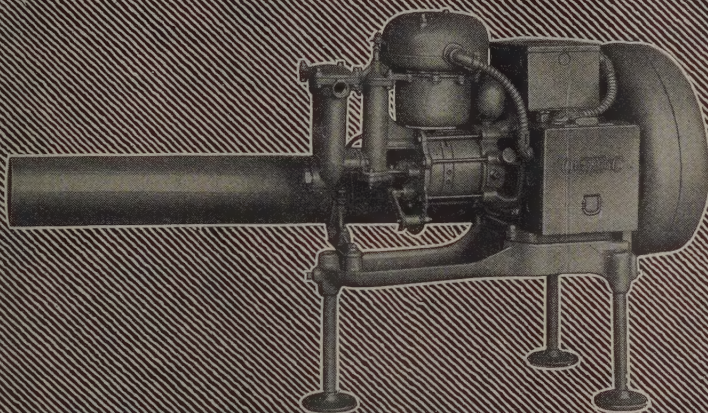
"In 1852 the founders of this thriving lodge planted the roots of philanthropy and patriotism, for America and the Jew, and they put all their powers to this great end. They hammered out as compact and as solid a piece of work as one can, and made it first rate, and left it for posterity to carry on."

This tribute to founders of the lodge is quoted from the lodge bulletin. And it may be added that posterity has carried on in the true spirit of the pioneers.

* * *

MAURICE BLOCH, president of District Grand Lodge No. 1, was honored on Thursday evening, December 8th. The meeting, on that date, of Chananiah Lodge No. 165, of New York City, of which Brother Bloch is a member, took the form of a homecoming celebration for him. Bro. Rev. Dr. Jonah B. Wise delivered the address of the evening. Other speakers were Bro. Chas. Hartman and the guest of honor, Brother Bloch. Musical selections were rendered by Miss Blanch Oppenheimer and Miss Edith Klein, both members of the lodge auxiliary.

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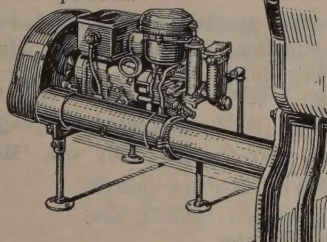
This volume has enabled us at great expense to offer the public Model "J."

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The dealer in your city was carefully chosen to give dependable heating service. Expert installation by factory-trained men without interruption of your comfort on the coldest day. There is a payment plan.

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Some day you will change to Oil-O-Matic heat, just as surely as you did to electric lights or an automobile. For old-fashioned methods of heating are fast going. Investigate the New Williams Oil-O-Matic.

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Why the Jew Laughs

Adapted and Retold by
S. Ben Menahem

According to Custom

A "SMART ALECKY" young man once said to the famous Rabbi Malbim: "Rabbi, I should like to ask you a question. When one encounters a ferocious dog it is advisable to sit down. On the other hand when you meet a rabbi, Jewish tradition prescribes that you must rise. Supposing, however, that one should meet a rabbi and a dog at the same time, what would you say that he should do?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied Rabbi Malbim, "since all such cases are governed not by law but by custom. In order to ascertain the custom of this particular city suppose you and I take a walk down the street. Then we will see just what the people here do in case of such a dilemma."

* * *

A Masterpiece

A JEW pointed out to his neighbor a blank piece of canvas and said that it represented a beautiful picturization of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea.

"Why, where do you see the Israelites?" asked the neighbor.

"You can't see them," replied the first Jew, "they have already crossed the sea."

"How about the Egyptians?"

"You can't see them either. They are pursuing the Israelites and they haven't reached the sea yet."

"But where is the sea itself?"

"Don't you understand? The sea has been split in two and therefore you cannot see it."

* * *

Eager to See Him

A SMALL town Jew returning from Odessa remarked, "I really should have remained in the big city longer. A count's daughter was willing to pay ten thousand roubles to see me."

"Why so?" asked his neighbor.

"Because she is blind," replied the first man.

THE JEW, being the proverbial wanderer over the face of the earth and having ever to adapt himself to new conditions, constantly encounters incongruities.

You will find this, then, the chief characteristic of the anecdotes which S. Ben Menahem has culled from Jewish folk lore as well as of the other jokes printed on this page.

Remember that we give a book for each joke which we use. So you have a chance of sharing your fun with our thousands of readers and at the same time being materially rewarded for it. The lucky ones this month are Mrs. Charles Sugarman, 713 Jefferson St., Wilmington, Delaware; and A. Horne, 305 23rd St., San Francisco, Cal.

Much Obliged (Moishe Bleib)

SHLOME was showing Moishe, his cousin who had recently arrived from Poland, the sights of New York. They were in a crowded subway when two ladies entered. Moishe stood up and offered one of the ladies his seat. To which she replied, "No, much obliged."

When the two fellows reached their destination, Shlome asked Moishe, "Why didn't you offer the other lady your seat?"

"Huh!" exclaimed Moishe, "didn't you hear the first lady say, 'Moishe bleib'?"

* * *

An Impostor

NOAH wired to his brother Solomon some exciting news in the following words:

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to make him feel welcome."

Solomon missed the point and wired back:

"I have no nephew. The young fellow is an impostor!"

He Could Speak English

YEARS ago, in the early days, the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society of San Francisco helped all Jewish newcomers in the city find work.

One of the former immigrants, now well established in Frisco, tells a story of an amusing incident that took place the day he appeared at the immigrant aid office to be assigned to a job:

The new arrivals stood in a line, each more eager than the other for a chance to work. The generous citizen who had volunteered to find places for them—let us call him Levine—paced the floor thoughtfully, sizing up the array of candidates for jobs. He was trying hard to figure out where each of them might fit.

"Ah!" he mumbled, disparagingly, with much gesticulation, "If only one of them could speak English! But what can I do with such fellows, ha? Not one word English! And yet I must find them jobs."

Overhearing this, a shy little youngster piped out in Yiddish, "I can speak English, Mister."

"You can speak English?"

"Sure," said the boy.

"All right, say something."

The boy said something in English, apparently to Levine's satisfaction. "That is good. You can speak English."

The boy's face brightened up. "Will you get me a job?" he asked.

Levine looked at him almost angrily.

"I get you a job? Such an idea. He speaks English better than I and he wants me to get him a job. Look at these poor fellows who don't know one word of English. I have to find them jobs. You go get one yourself."





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HERE is another new, charming secret from France—a delightful bath that immediately gives the skin a sensation of having bathed in rich cream.

Merely dissolve two or more handfuls of LINIT (the remarkable scientific starch discovery, sold by grocers) in a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap—dry off—and then feel your skin—

The rarest velvet couldn't be smoother and the down on the most delicate flower couldn't be softer!

This soft, satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin layer of LINIT—invisible to the eye—left

on the skin after the bath. This thin, porous coating of powder is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but *thinly* and *evenly* distributed over all parts of the body.

And the most astonishing thing about this new LINIT Beauty Bath is that the cost is negligible—practically a penny a bath.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of LINIT—harmless to the most sensitive skin—and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Dermatologists and doctors regard its safety and purity so highly that they generally recommend Starch from Corn for the tender skin of young babies.

*Merely ask your grocer for a package of LINIT
and follow the suggestions in this message*

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Important
To You!**

THE fact that LINIT is sold by grocers as the finest laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather far-fetched to some women—however, the statements made above are endorsed by leading chemists and dermatologists.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves.



SCHUBERT

CENTENNIAL CONTEST

Sponsored by the Columbia Phonograph Company

\$20,000 IN PRIZES

Questions and Answers

Q. What is the Contest for:

A. For works in the following categories:

1. Original symphonic works as an apotheosis of the lyrical genius of Schubert.
2. Variations on Schubert themes.
3. A Scherzo and finale for the Unfinished Symphony, for which purpose contestants may use the sketches which Schubert left, consisting of 131 bars.

Q. Must all compositions submitted be for orchestra?

A. Yes.

Q. What is the closing date of the Contest?

A. April 1, 1928.

Q. Where should manuscripts be sent?

A. New York University, Department of Music, Washington Square, East, New York City.

Q. What are the prizes?

A. There are thirty prizes divided among the ten zones participating in the competition. In every zone there is a first prize of \$750, a second prize of \$250, and a third award, a Certificate of Honorable Mention. These thirty works will then be heard by an International Jury, which will award a separate prize of \$10,000 for the Grand Prize Winner. America is one of the ten zones.

Q. Who are the American judges?

A. Walter Damrosch, Chairman; Henry Hadley, Albert Stoessel, and Frederick A. Stock.

Q. Who are the International judges?

A. The International Jury is constituted as follows: One member from each of the zone juries, and an eleventh to be nominated by the Society of the Friends of Music, of Vienna.

Q. Who are the artistic trustees in the various zones?

A. Austria, Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde; England, Incorporated Society of Musicians; France, Conservatoire Nationale de la Musique; Germany, Allgemeine Deutscher Musik-Verein and Genossenschaft Deutscher Tonsetzer; Italy, Regia Accademia di S. Cecilia; Poland, Societe pour l'Expansion de l'art Polonaise; Russia, Leningrad Conservatory; Denmark, Dansk Tonekunstner Forening; Spain, Royal Academy; United States, New York University, Department of Music.

Q. Who is paying the \$20,000 in prizes?

A. The Columbia Phonograph Company, publishers of the Fine Art Series of Musical Masterworks from Bach to Strauss, organizers of the recent Beethoven Centennial, with a distinguished Advisory Body headed by George Eastman; and of the Schubert Centenary, with the same Advisory Body under the Chairmanship of Mr. Otto H. Kahn.

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